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The Wrong Side of the Barricades

THE Hungarian tragedy has entered what may be its last act. The outlawing of the workers' councils and the success of the general strike are convincing proof that the Kadar government's writ runs no further than the range of the Russian guns. No outside observer can now reasonably doubt that the workers' councils, which have steadily strengthened their authority, represent the revolutionary purpose of the Hungarian working people. It is worth recalling some recent words of Mr. Gomulka which are apposite to the Hungarian situation: "The working-class," he said, "could not be the leading and most progressive section of the nation if reactionary forces were able to find support in its ranks. Agents, provocateurs or reactionaries have never been the inspiration of the working-class: they are not and they never will be." The Russians take a different view. As the working-class of Hungary comes out on the streets to seize the power from those who have exploited it, it is faced by the tanks of the Red Army. Was it for this that the Russian workers rose in 1917 with the slogan: "All power to the Soviets"?

What can the rest of the world do? Because the crime is being committed inside Hungary and because Hungary itself is inside the ring-fence of the Red Army, outside pressure cannot be effectively applied at the point of action without the risk of general war. There can be few people in their senses who believe that this would help the cause of freedom. Is there, then, nothing the U.N. can do to help? The moral condemnation of the General Assembly may not be without its diplomatic effect; but the full support of India and the Afro-Asian block which has hitherto been lukewarm, is essential to the success of any condemnatory resolution. It is a pity, though understandable, that most Asian countries, obsessed with their own struggle against colonialism, have shrunk from lining up with the ex-colonial powers; but it is encouraging this week to observe a less equivocal attitude on the part of India. For India's role is crucial. Her endorsement more than any other can remove the curse of cold war from the resolutions of the General Assembly.

The essential thing then about condemnatory resolutions is not that they propose this or that form of sanction, but that they should be as nearly as possible unanimous. There is, however, more that can be done. Since war is rejected as the means of rescuing Hungary, the task is to find diplomatic means of inducing a Russian withdrawal. Perhaps this may not prove as difficult as it sounds. Even the Soviet leaders must by now be appalled at the magnitude of their blunders in Hungary. Two months ago, they could reasonably calculate that their post-Stalin policy was beginning to pay off. Now their strategic position in Europe is completely undermined—a gun in the hands of a satellite soldier can no longer be relied upon as a tool of the Red Army; while their relations with the rest of the world are back where they were before the Summit Conference of 1955.

The choice before them now is, of their own making, a choice between evils. And the U.N. must help to tilt the balance—for the Hungarian situation has become a grave threat to peace. The General Assembly should add to its condemnation the rider that, as soon as the Russians withdraw their troops and permit the establishment of a government acceptable to the Hungarian people, the complete neutrality of Hungary—on Austrian lines, outside both Nato and the Warsaw Pact—will be guaranteed by all the powers. This solution would remove the Russian fear that Hungary might be used as a hostile base; and it could pave the way for constructive bargaining about the possibility of a more far-reaching neutral zone in Central Europe.

It would not, let us be frank, ensure a Communist government in Hungary—or even one very cordial to the Soviet Union. But that is the fault of nobody but the Russians. Their actions in the last two months have succeeded for the first time since 1917 in uniting the whole outside world—Socialists and anti-Socialists—in condemning them; and, whatever they do now, they cannot avoid reaping the bitter political harvest they have sown.

Comments on the Week's News

The U.N.'s Task

Despite the Anglo-French decision to withdraw their forces with all speed, the situation in the Canal Zone remains confused. The rapid assembly of the U.N. force—which reflects great credit on those concerned—has not, unfortunately, been paralleled by similar promptness in setting about the task of clearing the Canal. The success of the Anglo-French salvage fleet in clearing an emergency channel from Port Said to El Gap, a matter of 22 miles, in less than a fortnight, shows what can be done provided the will is there; but so far, General Wheeler, in charge of U.N. salvage operations, has done nothing. He has not yet settled with Cairo the terms on which his task-force will be permitted to enter Egyptian territory; and he appears to have come to no arrangement with the Anglo-French forces about the use of their equipment. His suggestion that U.N. crews should take over the Anglo-French salvage ships is unrealistic and unacceptable. Meanwhile, the Canal remains blocked and the whole of western Europe suffers in consequence. It is high time the United Nations gave a clear directive to Egypt to assist in clearing the Canal; a directive they are perfectly entitled to give, particularly in view of the fact that the U.N. is to foot the bill. It is equally unclear where the U.N. Emergency Force is to be stationed. The Gaza Strip is an obvious choice for its headquarters. Israel should be asked to withdraw its troops from the area, in return for a guarantee that U.N. forces will remain until a final peace treaty is signed. At the same time, Egypt must concede that U.N. troops be allowed to patrol the eastern sectors of Sinai, including the area used for the creation of *fedayeen* commando bases; apart from the wider issues, these bases were the immediate cause of the conflict, and their neutralisation is essential if the U.N. force is to discharge its task in a satisfactory manner. If both sides agree to these two basic principles, the U.N. will be able to create an effective *cordon sanitaire*, which at this stage is the most it can reasonably be expected to do.

Togliatti in Trouble

The attempt, on the part of Moscow, to set in reverse anti-Stalinist trends in the west European C.Ps., which succeeded so well at the French Party Congress last July, is running into difficulties in Italy. The Italian Party Congress, which met in Rome this week, opened in an atmosphere of confusion. Mr. Suslov, Molotov's travelling hatchet-man, who delivered the Soviet keynote speech at the French Congress, was prevented from entering Italy by the Ministry of the Interior. His speech—a clumsy and arrogant defence of Soviet action in Hungary—was therefore delivered by Madame Furtseva, and it got a very cool reception. Togliatti and his hard-core associates, Longo, Amendola and Pajetta, have made desperate efforts to pack the 1,064 delegates with reliable yes-men; but they have not entirely succeeded. Particularly among the intellectuals—following the example of men like Moravia, Carlo Levi and Zavattini—there is a powerful surge of revulsion over Hungary, which inevitably is turning against the local C.P. leadership. Togliatti made some attempt to appease these feelings by appealing, in his report to the Congress, for "greater diversification" in the forms of Socialism. But this has not entirely silenced the opposition. In view of this ferment in the C.P., it seems unfortunate that the Italian Socialists should have agreed to send a representative to the Congress, particularly since Sr. Nenni has himself taken a strong stand over Hungary. The Socialist delegate, Guido Mazzali, made, in fact, no reference to Hungary, and emphasised that if Socialist re-unification took place, they would still regard the C.P. as comrades, since "even if we abandon action pacts, we are still united by the ties of the workers." How far Mazzali could claim to speak for the mass of the Italian Socialists is arguable; certainly, there are signs of a bitter internal struggle being waged within the Socialist leadership. Nenni has not yet succeeded in crushing the power of the pro-Communist officials—known as the "Morandi apparatus"—at Socialist headquarters, and this is one of the principal factors in the slow progress of re-unification. Nenni's latest report, presented to the secretariat two weeks ago, virtually destroyed the "consultation pact" which replaced the old "action pact" with the C.P. some three months ago; but this report, it is known, was opposed by a majority of the party's permanent officials, who only agreed to endorse it to avoid an open split. Nenni, it now seems, is determined to swing his party, once and for all, out of the Communist orbit; but in order to do this, he needs help, particularly on the international plane.

Atlantic Bickering

The meeting of the Atlantic Council in Paris has not, as Britain and France appear to have expected, provided the panacea for all the ills of the western alliance. Despite their pressing entreaties, Mr. Dulles refused to partake in the tripartite consultations which have, in the past, invariably preceded such meetings; and when the session actually opened, he treated his two principal colleagues to a long sermon on the use and mis-use of force. This contained a great deal of sound sense, and if it really represents U.S. foreign policy, then something has indeed been gained by the Suez adventure. The meeting between Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Macmillan, though shrouded in secrecy, has also failed to strike a particularly cordial note; though our successful arrangement with the International Monetary Fund, and Russia's curious purchases of transferable sterling, have made emergency American support in this field much less urgent. There remain the problems of Nato proper; and here there has been a great deal of bickering. The long-delayed reappraisal of Britain's defence policy is now being conducted in the atmosphere of panic, not to say hysteria, engendered by the fiasco of our intervention in Egypt. Our defence planners seem to have decided on two incompatible objectives: greater mobility and striking power (the five days the fleet took to sail from Malta seemed an eternity to every Tory) and, at the same time, substantial cuts in the total outlay. There is no way out of this dilemma except by cutting down our commitments; and the only commitment the government is prepared to cut at the moment is Germany. Yet it is now perfectly clear that West Germany's new defence policy will not succeed in producing a single division until the beginning of 1959 at the earliest; if in the meantime, we withdraw two of our four divisions, there will be a serious gap in the Nato defences; and, as Mr. Dulles pointed out in his address, during the critical months to come it is absolutely essential that Nato's forces, both in the nuclear and conventional fields, should be kept at full strength. Hence, emphasising the general antagonism between Britain and America created by Suez, there is an apparently insoluble conflict of views on the purely military provisions of the alliance.

Mr. Macmillan's Recovery

Mr. Macmillan's handling of the problem presented by the run on the pound sterling has on the face of it very much the air of one conjuring rabbits out of a hat. All of a sudden, by drawing on the International Monetary Fund, the sterling area increases its reserves by roughly $560 m. and acquires the call on a further $730 m., should they turn out to be needed. As against this, the existing revenues fell by $279 m. in November and a further fall is expected this month—its size depending on what happens to Mr. Macmillan's appeal for a waiver of $108 m. interest payments due on the American and Canadian loans. There is, however, nothing really marginal about these operations. Great Britain is simply borrowing from the I.M.F. for the purpose for which it was set up—that of enabling countries to meet temporary claims on their revenues without needing to resort to depreciation or devaluation. The real question in the present case is, of course, whether the claim *is* temporary. For what is drawn now will have to be repaid later. As far as the exchange is due to speculative withdrawals of foreign earned pounds from London in anticipation of a possible fall in the value of sterling, the Treasury is, in effect, only substituting one kind of borrowing for another. The hope is that the pounds now being withdrawn will flow back when it is seen that no devalution is really in prospect. But to the extent to which the crisis is due to a real deficit on the current balance of payments, the situation is different. To that extent matters will right themselves only through a change in the relative costs of imports and exports, including shipping and other relevant "invisible" payments. The additional costs due to Suez clearly fall into the second of these categories; and therein the real danger lies.

Railway Wages

The Transport Salaried Staffs' Association, which decided a couple of months ago not to join the other railway trade unions in their demands for higher wages, has now changed its mind, presumably as a sequel to the offer made last week to the locomotive engineers and firemen, the tone of which strongly suggests that a similar offer will be made in due course to the N.U.R. The T.S.S.A. declares that it would still prefer price stability to higher wages, but says that it sees no hope now that prices will not increase further and has therefore decided to seek compensation in higher salaries. In its anticipation of rising prices the T.S.S.A. is clearly correct: indeed, part of the rise is already an accomplished fact. The railway clerks would have been more than human had they stuck to their original intention while increases were actually being conceded to the other groups, small though these advances were likely to be in relation to the original demands. The offer to the locomotive engineers is, incidentally, a definite rejection of their claim to a special advance designed to increase the differentials payable to their members on account of high skill and responsibility. They demanded about 15 per cent., whereas the N.U.R. claimed only 10 per cent. for the main body of railway

workers. They have been offered by the Railway Staff Tribunal a mere *three* per cent., coupled with an explicit rejection of their special claims. This three per cent. is not much different from the 5s. granted to the bus men a few weeks ago. Both appear designed to offset the rise of three points already registered in the cost of living index before the Suez crisis.

Wise Men from the East

The main purpose of Mr. Lim Yew Hock's visit to London this week is to try to re-open with the Colonial Office the door which was shut when the negotiations with David Marshall broke down last May. The new Chief Minister of Singapore will try to succeed where his predecessor failed; namely, in resolving the deadlock over the issue of internal security. The British government believes that so long as any British control is retained in Singapore it must have the last word on internal security. Singapore leaders contend reasonably that this would make a mockery of self-government. The new plan is to bring in a member of the Federation of Malaya to hold the balance in the Defence Council. This is a welcome suggestion, not only because the Federation's police may be involved, as they were in the October riots, but also because any moves towards closer association between Singapore and the Federation are valuable. Mr. Lim is also anxious to secure the appointment of a Malayan as Governor-General, and to make new arrangements for citizenship to bring in the older Chinese living in Singapore. The former proposal will need particularly hard bargaining. If Mr. Lim is successful in making sufficient progress with the Colonial Office to agree on an agenda for the talks of next February, he will have greatly strengthened his position as Chief Minister and leader of the Labour Front government. Meanwhile, the Tengku Abdul Rahman, Chief Minister of Malaya, who has taken the initiative in suggesting that Mr. Lim should accompany him in this visit, will be asking the British government for a loan of over £100 million for Malayan development.

An African United Front

The formation of a united front between the eight African unofficial members of the Kenya Legislature, under the leadership of Eliud Mathu, is the most significant move yet made in preparation for the first African elections next March. Africans are still not allowed to form national parties, and have to confine their political organisation to single districts. The united front is not, therefore, a party; but, as its members represent all the main districts within the territory, it is bound to have a national impact. These eight members have, in fact, got round the regulations by banding themselves together in the Legislative Council. They therefore have a big start on other political associations in the country. The three most significant demands are:

1. That Africans should be in a majority amongst the unofficials in the Council, and the number of African ministers should be increased.
2. Communal elections should continue until Africans are granted full adult franchise.
3. Colonial Office control through the British parliament must remain until the Africans have developed their political strength.

Such a programme will be criticised by the white settlers; yet it conforms with declared British colonial policy.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Warsaw

The Stalinist Terror

K. S. Karol writes: On my recent visit to Warsaw, after an absence of seven years, I made careful inquiries among my friends in order to compile what might be called a case-book of the Stalinist terror in Poland. Z——, for instance, is a building engineer, a party member since 1930, who fought both in the International Brigade in Spain and in the Polish resistance. From 1945 on he held a senior position in the Polish Ministry of Reconstruction. In January, 1949, he was summoned before the secret police, who asked, politely, if he knew by heart the plan of the central heating system in the Prime Minister's office. He replied, naturally, that he did not, but that he could answer any inquiries by referring to his files. The police thanked him and apologised for having disturbed him. A week later, he was summoned again and asked the same question. This time, he returned to his office and looked for the plans; he was told they had been taken by the security services. At the same time, he began to notice that his colleagues were avoiding him. A month passed, and he was again summoned by the police; this time they asked him if the central heating system in the Prime Minister's office could be used to blow up the building. He replied that it was possible that a technical error may have been made in its construction, but that, in any case, it could not possibly lead to such serious consequences. He was once more released; but by this time all his friends regarded him as a suspect. Finally, two weeks later, he was arrested in his office at five in the afternoon.

This time, the tone was different. He was told: "You have 48 hours to reconstruct, in your cell, the plans of the central heating system of the Prime Minister's office." When he said this was impossible, his face was slapped. At once, as a good Communist, he began to admit that perhaps there had been mistakes in its construction, for which he was responsible. He asked for his release so that he could have the opportunity to repair his "errors." The police laughed: what he had done, they said, was irreparable, and he would do well to tell the whole truth now, for the sake of the party. By this time, Z—— was completely bewildered. The police then explained that they knew he had devised a plan to blow up the Prime Minister's office during a meeting of the Cabinet.

Z—— refused to confess to this absurd accusation. He was then tortured for several days, and subsequently confronted with "witnesses"—mainly his colleagues from the Ministry—who all claimed that he had tried to persuade them to co-operate in his plot. After a few days in solitary confinement, he was told: "The evidence against you is conclusive; if you confess now, and tell us about your associates, your life will be spared." During the next six months, this pattern of torture, followed by long periods in solitary confinement, was monotonously repeated; and he eventually broke down, confessed his guilt, and made accusations against some of his friends and colleagues. Even after he left prison in 1954, he continued to believe, for a time, that he had planned a conspiracy to blow up the office; and he had eventually to be given electro-shock treatment to restore his mental equilibrium.

This case is typical of many others. But a few men were able to frustrate the secret police technique by convincing themselves, as soon as they were arrested, that their jailers were not Communists, but Fascists. Once this assumption was made, the technique became useless, because it automatically removed, in the prisoner's mind, the scintilla of doubt that he might, perhaps, be in the wrong. The classic example of this form of resistance was the case of General Komar. He had been a senior officer in the International Brigade and after 1945 was promoted to general in the Polish army. In 1948 he was arrested, and the secret police accused him of preparing a Titoist *coup*. Komar replied that this was quite correct, and that he was not the only one. The police were delighted, and asked him to name his associates. Komar then proceeded to recite the list of all the members of the Polish Politbureau, beginning with Marshal Rokossovsky and Bierut. This did not save Komar from months of torture, but it enabled him to preserve his attitude of defiance towards his torturers, and to escape the moral pressures which play such an important part in extracting Iron Curtain "confessions." He is one of the few ex-prisoners on whom years of torture have left only physical, not mental, traces.

A similar case is that of Jerzy Borejsza, the journalist and writer, who led the Polish delegation to the Paris Peace Conference in 1949. Borejsza also successfully defied the technique—despite the fact that his own brother, Rosanski, was administering it—but died under torture. His brother is now awaiting trial, and this case is expected to throw fresh light on the methods employed by the secret police during the Stalinist period. Meanwhile, it is worth noting that when, in the course of a recent meeting held in Warsaw to express solidarity with the Hungarian workers, a Polish trade union leader shouted: "Even under Horthy, the Hungarian Fascists never tortured as many Communists as the Stalinists," nobody contradicted him.

Moscow

After Poland

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The circulation among members of the Communist party of a Russian translation of the verbatim record of the 8th Plenum of the central committee of the Polish United Workers' Party, already published in the Polish review *Nowi Drogi*, is an important step in the process of de-Stalinisation. These documents of a meeting that brought Gomulka to power and revealed the methods and aims of Stalin's policy towards Poland may be said to complement Krushchev's revelations about Stalinism in Russia. And if the motive for circulating the Krushchev report last spring was an attempt to justify the new course in domestic policy charted at the 20th Congress, that for disclosing the situation in Poland may well be to win support for the new course in policy towards the people's democracies contained in the Soviet government's declaration of October 30.

Reports available on the recent meeting of an extended party presidium—a usual preliminary to a full Central Committee Plenum—indicate that though there may have been some initial disagreement on the vexed question of consumer goods production (some arguing that there must be a substantial increase before the Kaganovich plan for raising the wages of lower-paid workers is applied), the party leaders were unanimous in their approval of the policy of implementing the October 30 declaration as rapidly as possible. After the settlements with Poland and Rumania,

we shall soon have the Bulgarians here, and the Czechoslovaks are expected before long. Incidentally, Czechoslovak-Soviet economic and financial relations are of a somewhat different nature than those between the U.S.S.R. and other People's Democracies, Czechoslovakia being the only country of the east European group whose trade relations show a substantial debit against Moscow.

The press has become much more sensitive to foreign criticism of Soviet actions in Hungary. Replies to messages from British and Austrian trade unionists and French intellectuals, though firm, have been polite and an effort has been made to assure readers that disagreement with Soviet policy in Hungary does not automatically place the foreign critic in the ranks of the enemies of the Soviet Union. "It seems to me," wrote Ehrenburg in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* "that we ought to distinguish our friends who disagree with us on this or that question from those who call for a break with the Soviet Union and Communists." Ehrenburg wrote these lines shortly after his return from a meeting of leaders of the "World Peace Movement" at Helsinki where the Soviet delegation was faced with resolutions from 11 "national" peace committees criticising, in varying degrees, Soviet action in Hungary, and where it made what was described as a "maximum concession" by agreeing to a statement which recognised the fact that the public "cannot be satisfied with the speeches of statesmen."

Westminster

Cry for Nye

From the spate of books on Lloyd George, Bonar Law, cement and Ashton-under-Lyne, a fairly clear picture has emerged of Max Aitken. One now awaits a full-dress portrait of Lord Beaverbrook. It will, I think, reveal an inverted cliché of the sad little man who genuinely wants to play Hamlet. As a politician, Aitken positively influenced the course of British politics when, in 1916, he was more responsible than any other individual for the replacement of Asquith by Lloyd George. Ever since that time Beaverbrook, the newspaper proprietor, has been trying to emulate Aitken, the politician. His negative campaigns, such as the persistent denigration of the 1945-1950 Labour government, have sometimes been successful; but I cannot remember one positive success. Yet he persists.

He still really believes that his support can make a politician. He will pick some comparatively unknown man and run him with embarrassing extravagance. A year ago, for example, it was difficult to read a Beaverbrook newspaper without finding in it some reference to Sir Henry d'Avigdor Goldsmidt. One got the impression that Sir Henry was not only the most promising parliamentarian of his age but also a master of English prose and the obvious man to open the Test innings for England. At the end of the campaign Sir Henry remained as pleasantly obscure, as agreeably undistinguished on his back bench as he had been at the beginning.

Now Lord Beaverbrook is trying again, with bigger game. He is running Mr. Bevan for the leadership of the Labour Party. His Lordship's idea, of course, is not that Bevan is a good man but that he is a bad one and that under his leadership the Labour Party will fall to pieces. So he plans to get him the job, regardless of the fact that the job is not vacant.

Ordinarily, Bevan would brush off this kiss of death with his customary composure, but the Beaverbrook campaign happens to coincide with a quite startling change of mood in the Conservative parliamentary party, whose members now regard the bogy-man hobbledehoy of yesterday as the patriot-statesman of today. This really is embarrassing. If it persists people may come to think that Bevan has gone wrong. They will, of course, be wrong, for Bevan's recent speeches, though quieter than usual in tone, have been more deadly than ever in content and have wholly devastated Conservative pretensions. Yet the Conservatives continue to wag their heads and tell each other that Bevan is the man the country needs.

The reason for all this is that they have come to hate Mr. Gaitskell far more than they used to hate Bevan and slightly more, even, than they still hate Colonel Nasser. The sight of Gaitskell at the despatch box causes visible swelling on the benches opposite; and the emission of sibilants suggests that the government benches are occupied exclusively by snakes. There are several reasons for this. One is that when the Suez crisis first broke, Gaitskell made a speech which seemed to lend some support to the government but thereafter made a series of speeches which were quite as devastating as Bevan's.

Another reason is that the Conservatives feel a desperate need for a scapegoat. At one time the Americans were billed for this role; but the difficulties of making a scapegoat out of people on whom one is almost entirely dependent are gradually becoming more obvious. So Gaitskell is being substituted. There is a third reason. Bevan is an elementary schoolboy and therefore not as other men, i.e., the chaps one meets at the club, are. It is all right for him to be off the line. But Gaitskell was at Winchester and anyone who comes from Winchester and yet, in times of national crisis, fails to stand four-square, shoulder to shoulder behind the old flag is nothing less than a cad.

I doubt whether all this has much significance for the Labour Party; for, in recent months, the party as a whole and Gaitskell and Bevan particularly have worked so closely and effectively together that personal relations are probably now proof against either the steam-rolling pressures of the Conservatives or the naive insidiousness of Lord Beaverbrook. But I report it as one more example of political vagary. Even when one remembers that the frozen penguins of the City came in time to worship Lloyd George, whoever would have thought 12 months ago that Conservatives would cry for Nye and boo for Hugh?

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

"Honestly, Sir, none of us even THOUGHT of dropping you."

The Nightmare Comes True

A NIGHTMARE which haunted Ernest Bevin and his successors has at last become a grim reality. For ten years British foreign secretaries have based their policies on the Atlantic alliance, and they were prepared to do anything to keep the Americans interested and engaged in that partnership. True, there were strains and stresses, but it was always assumed that, in the last resort, the United States needed Britain as a base and a political ally almost as much as Britain, with large commitments and declining power, relied ultimately on American atomic supremacy and on the riches of the U.S. economy. If it was not a partnership of equals, it was at least a marriage of common interest. Now, at a moment of crisis, British Tories have been shocked to find themselves divorced by Washington. The alliance that lasted out the cold war has disintegrated and it cannot be reconstructed in its old form.

Though this simple fact is not yet clear to the fuddled caretakers in Downing Street—distracted between fury at Eisenhower's "treachery" and their desperate need for help from the U.S.—it is now taken for granted in Washington. The Suez adventure has proved that Britain and France are no longer great powers. They are not even able to hold the dwindling relics of imperial glory. And neither the speeches of Lord Ismay nor "cordial" talks between Mr. Dulles and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd can disguise the reduction of Britain and France to the status of local allies, now completely dependent upon the U.S. The attempt to go it alone has simply proved that the governments of Britain and France can go nowhere without American oil, American money and American permission.

This conclusion cannot be charmed away by intoning anti-American slogans. No doubt the American attitude towards the Suez expedition has been coloured in part by interests which stand to gain by the eviction of Britain from the Middle East—just as they gained from our debacle at Abadan. Any settlement is bound to give the U.S. oil interests an advantage in the silent struggle for control of the Arab oilfields. The emergency shipments of dollar oil will help liquidate the large stocks of both crude and gasoline that have been accumulated in the western hemisphere. And the tanker companies are bound to profit from the new demands made for shipping space. Yet it is absurd to suggest that the change in American policy is a sinister conspiracy of the oil lobby. The implications of the position transcend the "special interests."

Once Britain and France met disaster and humiliation at Port Said, what was left of the imperial system collapsed throughout the Middle East. And it cannot be restored. Unless it is to pass piece by piece into the hands of the Communists, something else must be put in its place. The new system cannot be a new imperial empire ruled by Washington, for America is neither willing nor able to set up an empire on the old model. To make that effective, American troops rather than the threat of the Strategic Air Force would be needed to keep Arab nationalism under control. The only course is to create a zone that will be neutral strategically and politically uncommitted. Within this framework the Arab states may recreate normal commercial relations with the customers for their oil, and their external security would become a function of the United Nations.

And it is a solution that has become at least conceivable. For the United States, by its action during this crisis, has found new room for manœuvre. It has disassociated itself from the bankrupt colonialism of Britain and France, and it has discovered that it can use the United Nations as an effective instrument of policy in a way that rallies rather than antagonises the uncommitted countries. In this change, of course, material and moral arguments are intertwined. But whatever the mixture of motives that have inspired President Eisenhower, the plain fact is that in this crisis he chose the United Nations rather than the Atlantic alliance. Nothing illustrates this change more dramatically than the meeting between the President and Mr. Nehru. It is this, rather than the *pro forma* appearance of Mr. Dulles at the Nato conference in Paris, that is the real signpost to American policy. For at least a year, Washington has slowly been realising that neutrals are not crypto-Communists, that nationalist critics of Britain and France are not inevitably the tools of Moscow. Suddenly, the Suez crisis forced a decision—and the President ruled against the Atlantic allies.

This change, in fact, has now been explicitly formulated by Mr. Dulles in his high-minded speech in Paris. His "six principles" are the first clear statement of the new American policy, and they go far beyond the languid and negative concept of "co-existence." They are, indeed, the terms on which civilised behaviour between nations can be established.

It is this decision that makes nonsense of the British attempt to scuttle back to the old arrangements, and to pretend that once withdrawal from Suez is completed everything will be as before. The theory of mutual dependence has been destroyed, and destroyed by the deliberate folly of the weaker partners. For the U.S. has discovered that while it may make do without us, we cannot make do without America.

For Britain and France, great power politics are no more possible, and laments will not bring back what has been squandered. Our objective now must be to seek through the United Nations what we can no longer demand from a cosy bilateral relationship with Washington. A settlement in the Middle East can only be a U.N. settlement, with America supplying the pressure and resources we can no longer provide. Even our own immediate security, and the economic aid which will underwrite it, must increasingly become a matter of collective provision through the U.N. How this can be done, how quickly we can regain our position as members in good standing, is a matter to which all our diplomatic effort should be devoted in the coming months. It is a difficult undertaking, but in the long run it can offer better prospects than a despairing attempt to steer the United States back into a narrow alliance which we repudiated—an alliance, moreover, which no longer corresponds to the interests and objectives of the United States.

Atoms for Oil

THE Minister of Fuel and Power is about to announce a revision of the British civil atomic power programme. It had better be substantial. Atomic energy will provide no quick remedy for the present fuel crisis, but the Middle East crisis ought to have convinced the authorities that the existing programme for atomic-powered electricity stations is ludicrously inadequate and should at least be doubled. For we have lost 40 per cent. of our oil supply, not only for our internal combustion transport but for those industries which, after the coal-crisis of 1947, we were urged to convert to oil. The rationing scheme will account for 25 per cent., but the other 15 per cent. will depend, at three times the price of Middle Eastern oil, on the indulgence of the Americans. It will not be merely the question of moving goods; we have also to produce them.

This winter we will be living on the thermometer. If there is a severe cold spell, as we had in the first months of 1947, when coal cannot be moved from the pit-heads, that will be catastrophic. Once again factories will have to close down; there will be unemployment; our exports will drop, with disastrous effects on the balance of payments, and our food imports will be imperilled. Even relatively small drops in temperature can produce a sort of creeping paralysis. During a recent cold spell, electricity supplies flagged; apartment houses and business blocks, which had had their furnace oil supplies cut, switched to electric radiators. Load-shedding followed because generating stations could not cope with the convulsive demand.

In 1947, one of the grimmest winters in British memories, we learnt this lesson. And it will remain true. To maintain full employment; to produce goods for export; to buy food and industrial raw materials in a world of intense competition and rising prices, and to meet the needs of our homes and farms, we shall need, ten years from now, 295 million tons of "coal-equivalent" (coal, oil, hydro-electricity or atomic energy). Of that, after an expenditure of £1,400 millions on sinking new pits and mechanising present ones, the National Coal Board will, at best, produce only 20 million tons of coal more a year than at present. There will be a deficiency in "coal-equivalent" of 60 million tons.

The White Paper of 1953, which planned the programme of atomic-energy electricity generating stations proposed 12 (now 13 with the projected South of Scotland Electricity Board station) at a cost of £300 million to produce the equivalent of 5 million tons of coal. From the experience at Calder Hall, and by virtue of the ingenuity of the civil engineers who have entered designs and estimates for the first two Central Electricity stations, that figure can be improved to 12 million tons.

We cannot improve much on our hydro-electric capacity, so that leaves at least 48 million tons to be supplied by imported oil—twice our present consumption. To increase to that capacity the British oil industry would require in the next ten years additional capital investment of £1,000 million, of which £440 million represents production. £220 million would go into tanker capacity and £340 million into refineries. The Central Electricity Authority is building or converting sixteen power stations for oil-firing. The gas authorities are relying on oil (including the waste gases of the refineries) to stretch out their coal supplies. The railways have ambitious schemes for diesel-oil electric services. Increasingly, Britain is becoming a hostage to imported oil.

But we have atomic energy. As Sir John Cockcroft once said, our fuel situation is so precarious that "if atomic energy had not been discovered, Britain would have had to invent it." Present planning foresees 100 atomic-powered stations 20 years from now. Thereafter, all electricity stations will be going over to atomic energy. By A.D. 2,000 atomic energy should have replaced coal as a fuel, releasing it for its much more valu-

able purpose as a source of a great variety of chemical materials.

Why 20 years? Why 50? The original caution is less justified now. At the Geneva Atoms-for-Peace Conference, the reactors at Calder Hall were modestly compared to the Ford Model "T." This does not mean that Calder Hall was out of date before it began operating. Model "T" was robust, fool-proof, efficient, economical and eminently practical and gave service to a whole generation. The same is true of the PIPPA reactor of Calder Hall. In character, it is a conventional "convertor reactor"—converting natural uranium ore into plutonium, the fissile material. While Calder Hall generates electricity as a by-product, it produces plutonium for military purposes. So will "Calder Hall B" and the battery of four reactors at Chapel Cross.

The two new stations, for which the C.E.A. is about to award contracts, are based on the same type of natural uranium convertor. But the electrical output will be three to four times better than Calder Hall (this has little to do with atomics and much with improved engineering). Electricity will be the main product and plutonium the by-product—to be sold to the military for bombs or used as "enriched fuel" for peaceful reactors. These stations will produce electricity at a cost at least competitive with that of coal and, while the price of coal is certain to go up in the next ten years, the heavy cost of atomic-power is in the installation and not in fuel-replacement. If the alternative is coal or dollar-oil, there seems to be no gamble in building atomic stations, even of the PIPPA type.

We should more than double—30, not 13—the stations planned for the next ten years. They would be basically PIPPAS of the Calder Hall type, modified by all foreseeable improvements. Can the programme be doubled? Sir Claude Gibb says emphatically yes. Sir Claude is an interested party, as head of C. A. Parsons, the turbine manufacturers, and of Nuclear Power Plants, Ltd., one of the atom-combines, but he is also a hard-headed business man, well aware of all the difficulties. Sir Christopher Hinton, Director of the Atomic Energy Authority, has described Sir Claude's plan as "daring," conceded that circumstances demanded such daring, but added that the decision does not rest with the Atomic Energy Authority nor with Lord Citrine and the C.E.A. It will be a political decision.

Both Sir Christopher and Sir Claude think the problem is purely "pedestrian," not scientific. Can we get enough graphite? Yes, if we built another refinery. Could we get the special steel, indispensable for the pressure chambers? Yes, if the steel industry set its mind to it. Turbines? Yes, the low-pressure steam from PIPPA means twice as many turbines of half the capacity of steam or oil fuelled stations but that could be done without impairing the export or other programmes of the turbine manufacturers. Manpower? No real problem. Finance?

Then what about the present programme rated at £300 million? It does not even mean doubling that because it would be a question of diverting to atomic energy some of the already projected oil-burning stations. The cost of doubling the programme, Sir Claude has estimated, will be about £150 millions more. That investment would give us energy equivalent to the total amount of petroleum which we consume in this country now. It would halve the amount of oil which we would need in ten years time, produced at an oil-investment cost of £1,000 millions. On simple arithmetic it would seem that self-sufficient atomic energy can be had for about half the capital cost of importing oil.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

WHEN you have worshipped a god who turns out not only to have feet of clay but to be an ogre who devours your friends, your reactions are likely to be violent. How deeply the Russian massacre of Hungarian workers has lacerated the minds and hearts of British Communists is best shown by the present revue at the Unity Theatre called "World on Edge." It pulls no punches; it even shows a C.P. member tearing up his party card in angry disillusion. The Soviet representative on the Security Council is a figure of ridicule and contempt. The theme is the unhappy predicament of an ordinary citizen. He is shown as a pathetic dim-wit, wandering around unable to sleep, finally driven to a reluctant dependence on the U.N. The excitements come after the performance. It ends on a note of "It's no longer up to Them; it's up to Us—and You." And then, when you are expecting the final curtain, the house lights are flooded and the audience is integrated with the cast. General discussion follows. A guest from outside is introduced on to the stage to start the argument. Last Saturday it was Jim Cameron, who tells me that he was warned to look out for some rough and edgy treatment; he got it, but less than he expected. A wild, wholly despairing ex-Communist jumped onto the stage and violently denounced Moscow. Someone else leapt up and shouted that he was an unashamed party man and would defend the C.P. to the death. Unity was accused of having been the "mouth-piece of King Street," which was passionately denied. Indeed, it was explained, its quarrel with King Street had led it to sacrifice its usual profitable Christmas burlesque, with the result that the company is already £1,700 in debt. "Somehow someone has got to stop the *killing*," they said. The usual troop of idealistic opinions were all expressed. The argument might have gone on all night. Cameron ended it by saying that thank goodness there was somewhere in the London theatre where actualities were being taken seriously. The outsider at next Saturday's roustabout is to be Sydney Silverman.

* * *

After reading the indignant protests of big guns like Graham Greene, E. M. Forster and T. S. Eliot about a "ban" on repertory performances of *Pygmalion*, I naturally asked the Secretary-General of the Society of Authors what he had to say about it. I find that no ban exists either on professional or amateur performances of the play, but that by a silly error last summer, when negotiations about *My Fair Lady* were in progress, several repertory theatres were refused permission to perform the play. That anyone should ever have thought that a show at Pitlochry could clash with a London musical is fantastic, but it happened and is a matter for apology. Once this error is admitted and the present situation stated, the whole row sounds to me like a storm in a teacup. The only reason for any refusal of performing licenses should be, and I gather, normally is, that several neighbouring companies may want to perform the same play at the same time. Obviously this overlapping is particularly likely to happen if for some special reason—such as the approach of an exciting London performance—some favourite repertory play suddenly becomes fashionable. In that case there can be "congestion," and "traffic control" may be necessary. It seems to me that the Society of Authors should simply have admitted their mistake and explained, as the Secretary does to me so emphatically now, that no ban exists, and that, apart from a control which is actually to the advantage of dramatic societies, no ban has, except in error, ever existed.

* * *

I have often asked myself what would happen when force was used to impose the ruling of the U.S. Supreme Court against the segregation of Negro children. Now, in the Tennessee town of Clinton, we have one answer. Clinton, you recall, was the place where the National Guard was sent in to prevent rioting when Negro pupils first went to a white school. The trouble died down, despite the efforts of rabble-rousers who moved in to the community. Two weeks ago, there was another outbreak of violence, directed at the Negro children and against whites who protected them on the way to school. The authorities again reacted firmly, and an injunction was secured which restrained anyone from interfering with the children. When some extremists disregarded it, they were immediately indicted for criminal contempt—and the county attorney took the unusual course of explaining the court injunction to a meeting of five hundred schoolchildren. I am glad to hear that he was applauded at the end of this speech—which is surely without precedent in American schools. And, even more impressive, in a local election the voters trounced the white supremacy candidates who have been stirring up unrest. Where the authorities stand firm on the law they can call the bluff of the racial extremists.

* * *

Successive issues have proved that the general acclaim of *The New Scientist* on its first appearance was more than justified. Percy Cudlipp is not a scientist but, as editor, he is trustee for the intelligent layman, to whom the journal is seeking to appeal. He has given it solid substance to make it authoritative and responsible and variety to make it interesting and informative. (The balance has been even better in the second and third issues than in the first.) He has promised that its language will be as free as possible from technicalities and a praiseworthy effort has been made to prove it. But, as an old friend, I offer him a piece of gratuitous advice—be firm with eminent scientific contributors! The fact that they are prepared to co-operate in this effort at common-understanding of science shows that they mean well. But they are liable to expect people to understand words and concepts because they themselves are familiar with them. They do not mean to be obscure but they are afraid of appearing "inexact" and indulging in "journalese" as they would call it. The more eminent they are, the more scientifically punctilious, and the more dangerous to the objects of *The New Scientist*.

* * *

Occasionally, when I have been out of love with myself, I've toyed with the idea of disappearing and starting again as Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones. There is no law against it, though, of course, a faked suicide may easily make the mistake of cheating an insurance company or committing a spot of arson like Mr. Polly. But if, like Priam Farll (another of my favourite characters in fiction), you merely watch the wrong man being buried in the Abbey and omit to point out the error, or take a rest (like Agatha Christie) why should anyone make a fuss about it? I am driven to this question by the case of the Rev. Philip Ross, who got himself wrongly presumed drowned on holiday 18 months ago, and has now been so pompously defrocked. But apart from all that what is legally wrong about disappearing? When some eccentric act by an individual results in a lot of fruitless police activity it is often said that the person who started it all off should be prosecuted. For

what offence? The lawyers can only suggest "for causing a public mischief" by wasting the time of the police, even if it was not his fault that the police wasted their time. Until quite recently this was always possible; "public mischief," which might have been anything that Parliament and the judges had forgotten to forbid specifically, is still a common law misdemeanour. The courts seemed to have forgotten about it until it was given a new lease of life by the decision of R. v. Manley in 1933. Twenty-three years later the Court of Criminal Appeal said in another case that Manley was pretty doubtful authority, and Lord Goddard himself has said that the public mischief idea in judicial hands can be an "unruly horse." I should add that I am not at the moment proposing to become somebody else, and if I do I hope the Yard will forget about me. Anyway I see no harm in deflating some of the ballyhoo before I go.

* * *

Editors, like cyclists, are said to preserve their balance best by keeping their eyes on the future; they dare do no more than cast an occasional glance over their shoulder. The title of this journal is still a constant reminder that there was a past; and at 7.30 p.m. on December 18, some of it is to come to life in the Home Service of the BBC with a programme entitled "An Editor Looks Back." Listeners will hear something about the 25 years of political, literary and artistic controversy that began when the *Nation* married the *New Statesman* in 1931—to be reinforced three years later when Gerald Barry's *Weekend Review* ceased, bequeathing to us amongst other things "This England" and weekend competitions. I recommend this programme without any diffidence at all because there will be many readers of the paper who will not want to miss hearing the voices of writers who they have loved from a distance, including, among the old hands, H. N. Brailsford, G. D. H. Cole, Leonard Woolf, R. H. S. Crossman, Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, Gerald Barry, T. C. Worsley, Vicky, and J. B. Priestley.

CRITIC

From a Scroll Found by Lake Windermere

Jeffreys, thou shouldst be judging at this time:
  England hath need of thee—with whip and gun
  The Cypriot-hunting Season should be fun!
Thou hast not wallowed in so foul a slime,
For Britain's honour is not worth a dime:
  A Greek can hang for sheltering his son
  While thugs go free, whatever they have done,
If it should suit us to condone the crime.
Thy talents are in need—but not unique:
  In open market who would have employed
  Thy meagre gifts, if offered Lennox-Boyd
  Or any of his peers? For, in their eyes,
Freedom is but a menace to their Clique
  Justice is felony at their Assize.

Great knaves have been among us; Titus Oates,
  Bottomley, Cecil Rhodes and many more—
  Gamblers in lies, gold, diamonds and gore,
But reckless racketeers, who burned their boats.
Today's Synthetic Villains, changing coats,
  Play saint or martyr, blackguard, pimp or whore,
  Prating of Peace when whipped for making War
And buoyed for either course by slavish votes.
Courageously, with Olive Branch in hand,
  They clout their weaker neighbours on the head;
  But, when they meet a stronger one, instead,
  Like curs they growl, but come (like curs) to heel.
Can such lick-spittle grovellers understand
  How Cypriots and honest patriots feel?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

What a Pieriodical!

Last Sunday week he walked the whole length of Southend Pier—a mile and a quarter. At the far end a solitary woman sat reading *The New Statesman & Nation*. It was too easy for our friend to recognise this journal. For many years he has been responsible for the typesetting of the whole paper—and still is. "Stanley, let me introduce you—Mr. Stanley Wicken—our readers."

Mr. Stanley Wicken thought it was a remarkable tribute to *The New Statesman* that it had a hundred per cent readership on Southend Pier. So do we.

But the moral of this little story is that whilst we may have reached saturation point on Southend Pier, there are heaps of other important places where we haven't.

At this time of the year we make it ridiculously easy for you to help us to find new readers and simultaneously to settle the problem of some goodwill reminder for your friends at home and abroad this Christmas.

For TEN SHILLINGS (less than half the usual charge) we will post a copy of *The New Statesman* for a whole six months (26 issues) to any friend at any address in the world. Just one stipulation. These Christmas Gift Subscriptions may only be sent to friends who, so far as you know, are not already buying the paper.

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This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Mayor of Stafford, Alderman Horace Coghlan, agrees. "I firmly believe people from other planets are watching us," he said. "I am a friendly man, and I'm sure I would have no difficulty in making them understand that we have no hostile feelings towards them.

"We in Stafford would help them in any way possible to get accommodation and settle here. If necessary, I would put up a couple in my own home."—*People*. (J. R. Avery.)

"We are," said Miss Margaret Bentley, of Old Brompton Road, "the same as the medical profession. I am afraid we cannot discuss the dogs in our care."—*Daily Mail*. (H. Mills.)

At a moment when we wish to concentrate our thoughts on the Commonwealth, when announcing the number of Olympic medals, might we not lump the Commonwealth totals together? This would make our showing appear better than at present, when the entries appear under each separate country.—Letter in *The Times*. (M. Davison.)

"I think that at the present time, more than any other, it is more important that ex-Servicemen should get together over the Middle East and the Far East than all the politicians, who know nothing about the Middle East, the Far East, nor any other East, for politicians don't know Orientals like we do—they don't know that the only way to deal with them is to kick their backsides," said Brigadier M. F. Farquharson-Roberts, at last night's 11th annual reunion dinner of the Derby and District Branch of the R.A.S.C. Association.—*Derby Evening Telegraph*. (A. F. Dawn.)

The Treason Trial

I CAN remember extremely vividly a Sunday morning three or four years ago in Johannesburg which was for me a morning of decision. The African National Congress had called a meeting in one of the few available halls in the centre of the city—the Trades Hall it is called. I had recently been involved in an incident at a Sophiatown cinema when a perfectly orderly protest-meeting had been broken-up by the police with rifles and tommy-guns. And on this Sunday morning I felt that I must commit myself clearly, unequivocally and publicly to the support of all those Non-European movements which were struggling, against heavy odds, to resist an encroaching tyranny.

The Defiance Campaign—an effort at resistance to discriminatory laws—had been only too successful. It had provoked a reaction from the government in the form of legislation—the Public Safety Act and the Criminal Law Amendment Act—so vicious in the penalties imposed as to make defiance an almost heroic act. It seemed to me, on that Sunday morning, essential for some white South Africans to demonstrate their solidarity with the African and Indian peoples in their grim, and increasingly grimmer, position. So I committed myself. It was as simple as that. And certainly I do not regret it for a moment. But from that day onwards I felt in conscience bound to attend such meetings of protest in all and any company.

So, for the next two years I was present at meeting after meeting when police raids took place. It became such a familiar experience that one could make a joke of it; one could identify the members of the Special Branch by the shape of their homburgs and point them out to the audience; one could know, instinctively, what their reaction would be to some provocative taunt, some broad good-humoured sally from an African speaker. The raids themselves varied in form and in intensity; from demands and threats that the meeting must close down to a simple attendance, when every word from every speaker was carefully (and obviously) noted. Occasionally, doors were closed and names taken; occasionally, photographs of the audience; occasionally an arrest or two on the charge of obstruction. But always "they" were there.

I remember one occasion when I was asked to speak in Durban and I had to fly there and back in the same day; at the airport those silent and strangely undignified shapes were there in the background; they searched the flat where I had lunch and they were there at the airport to see me off. For that matter they were there at Jan Smuts Airport in February when I left South Africa for America and England.

I say this because I want to emphasise that the present treason trial is no sudden, panicky move: no swift uncovering of a new "plot." On every occasion when the police intervened to break up public meetings, or (as they later did) to invade private homes—the reason given was "a possible case of treason." Indeed, this reason was given so often as to become a kind of joke in the English-speaking press. Our instinct was to regard the whole thing as just one of the very many ways in which by intimidation, by the whispered lie, by the informer-technique, the government was stifling utterly all public non-white or inter-racial protest against its totalitarian policies. But we were wrong. At least we were wrong in imagining that so fantastic a thing as a treason trial of over 140 people could not take place even in that mad-house which is Nationalist South Africa today. We were right, however, in ascribing the motive to the desire to intimidate: for that is really what lies behind the whole thing.

I have no doubt that the Suppression of Communism Act will be used as a major instrument in this case. Its definition of Communism is so wide that, when the Act was first introduced in parliament, one of the leading Roman Catholic Q.C.s in Johannesburg took part in a public meeting of protest to denounce it. But it will serve. It will serve to frighten those who—liberal in every other way—cannot face that insidious threat to their social life: that whisper which, in South Africa, can do so much to isolate you absolutely from your friends.

So 140 people, several of them eminent in their way—the acting-principal of a university college: a lawyer: a member of parliament—will stand trial for the one offence which is serious enough, deadly enough, to silence those who might otherwise vigorously protest. In any case there has been so much protest in South Africa of recent years that people are immune.

I was so greatly hoping that the day might come when I should be able publicly to say and to witness to the truths I believe in about racial ideology. Now it looks as if I have missed my chance. But I do hope and pray that the people of this country will not remain silent; will remember that treason trials on such a scale as this are the symptom of only one kind of sickness; and recall that the state which is arranging this trial is a member-state of the Commonwealth. It is hardly bearable to know—as I do—all that lies behind this vile assault upon remaining freedoms and to be able to do so little about it. But if this treason trial succeeds in its purpose, if in fact it frightens into silence those who are still able to speak of liberty, then the lights will have gone out in South Africa for a very long and dark night.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.

NEXT WEEK

Owing to Christmas printing arrangements next week's issue will be published on Thursday, one day earlier than usual.

It will contain, as a special feature, a survey of the desegregation problem in the U.S. by Norman MacKenzie:

The South in Crisis

Other People's Bills

IDEALS in politics are never realised, said Lord Acton, but the pursuit of them determines history. It also fills long schedules in the blue-books with the titles of Private Members' Bills that got no further than second reading; and having had some small interest in the promotion of a few of these, I now sometimes catch myself wondering bleakly why democracy means everybody but me. . . .

Still, when the ballot for the Private Members' Steeplechase has been drawn, and the place-winners have taken their pick from the draft Bills thrust before them by lobbying law-reformers, the published list always seems to me more interesting than the Queen's Speech itself. If this year's looks to me a bit duller and more earnest than usual, that is probably because I have not adequately informed myself about the wrongs of bomb-damaged householders in Northern Ireland, the powers of parish meetings in England, or what it is that Sir David Robertson and Mr. Walter Elliot want to do in the way of developing the north of Scotland. But there are among these 20 Bills half a dozen of general and oddly contrasting interest.

Miss Joan Vickers has taken charge of the Maintenance Orders (Attachment of Income) Bill promoted by the Married Women's Association. This welcome and long-overdue measure, which could have the effect of clearing more than 3,000 men out of our crowded prisons and taking as many wives and families off National Assistance, would put England and Wales on the same footing as Scotland, where the number of men imprisoned for non-payment of maintenance is always negligible and where, in some years, there are none at all. There are believed to be in England and Wales about 100,000 deserted wives with maintenance orders in arrears. The Bill proposes that the arrears be deducted from the husband's wages by his employer—who, if he failed to carry out the order, would not be criminally liable but could himself be sued, as a debtor. A final blow for the man who, rather than pay up, goes doggedly in and out of prison, would be that these temporary withdrawals from public life would no longer wipe out the arrears. Doubtless a few would still go to prison, notably the ones who, at present, throw up temporary jobs just in time to plead unemployment and poverty before the magistrates; but in most cases the mere threat of "attachment of wages," especially in a lawyer's letter, would produce the money. There will be fierce opposition to this Bill, but there was a similar reception to P.A.Y.E., and, when you think of it, M.A.Y.E. seems reasonable enough.

The Society of Authors' Bill "to amend and

consolidate the laws relating to obscene publications" has been adopted by Viscount Lambton. In the last session, Mr. Roy Jenkins piloted this through a second reading to the point where Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, for the government, "talked it out"—one of the oddest features of democratic lawmaking but a sure sign, when the government do it with a Bill to which they can find no ready answer, that they consider it too strong and healthy to be allowed a fair chance on the floor of the House. This is actually the best-constructed and most workmanlike of these Bills. It seeks to abolish the Common Law offence known as "obscene libel" (which, though it deals with what some people call obscenity, has nothing to do with what most people call libel); and it precludes any conviction for publishing obscene matter unless the publisher's *intention* is clear, judging by the "dominant effect" of the publication, evidence of its "corrupting influence" (if any), its literary or other merit, and the kind of people who might see it. It also lets in the expert evidence for the defence that is at present so contumaciously rejected. And dealing with the cases that now fall within the Obscene Publications Act, 1857 (Lord Campbell's Act), and which culminate in the burning of books without otherwise punishing those who sell them, it gives the author and publisher a right to appear in court (which at present, believe it or not, they cannot do) and oppose the order on the ground that the book is a serious work of literature, art or science. This Bill, the work of a committee led by Sir Alan Herbert, has been re-drafted to meet certain "friendly criticisms" offered by the Home Office legal department after its failure last session.

Mr. Fenner Brockway's Racial Discrimination Bill is the boldest and most controversial in the list. Not that many people are ready, openly at least, to support racial discrimination: the real trouble will be that you cannot make men behave as though they loved one another by fining them £5, while you cannot make them really love one another even by stepping up the fine to £5,000. This Bill, the declared purpose of which is "to make illegal discrimination to the detriment of any person on the grounds of colour, race and religion in the United Kingdom," proposes a penalty of £5 for any innkeeper, publican, common lodging-house keeper, café proprietor, or amusement caterer who "exercises racial discrimination." What that means is set out, rather too succinctly, in Clause 1:

> A person exercises discrimination where he refuses, withholds from or denies to any other person facilities or advantages on the ground of the colour, race, or religion of that other person.

I believe this definition will have to be much expanded. Each of the words race, colour, and religion needs to be carefully limited in meaning. Not even ethnologists agree about "race"; and as the Bill stands, it might penalise a publican who refused to serve a genuine gypsy, though he could still turn away "didecais," hop-pickers, and other people erroneously called gypsies because of their ear-rings; colour might include rubicundity or political alignment; and religion means a dozen things to any dozen men asked singly to define it. Incidentally, Clause 4 would punish everyone taking part in a strike to protest against the employment or promotion of a worker whose race, colour, or religion failed to commend itself to a trade union.

The first reading of the Animals Boarding Establishments Bill, presented by Mr. Ridsdale, was received by the Commons with the hilarity by means of which the Englishman *en masse* conceals his secret passion for cats and dogs. This Bill promises a £25 fine (or three months) for anyone

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Mr. Speir's Litter Bill sets out a categorical record of contemporary manners by providing a £10 penalty for anyone

> who without lawful authority throws down, places, deposits *and* leaves any organic matter (whether waste or dead animal), rubbish, old metal, glass, china, earthenware, tin, carton, paper, or other rubbish so as to create litter or tend to create litter on or in any public place.

The "and" will perhaps have to become "or," since no one goes to such lengths with organic matter as to throw it down, place it, deposit it, *and* leave it. Moreover, the Bill contains a long clause which repeals the two or three "public general" statutes that deal with litterers, and then declares that local by-laws to the same effect shall not be invoked to inflict a further penalty (which is, by the way, already unlawful by virtue of the Interpretation Act, 1889); but it leaves untouched all the local Police Acts and Improvement Acts, every one of which has penalties for leaving litter. However, its main purpose, which it certainly achieves, is to confine the right of prosecuting offenders to the persons most likely to avail themselves of it, namely the occupiers or custodians of the places littered; an artful narrowing-down that may shame some authorities into action. The debate on Mr. Speir's Bill will at least enable M.P.s to remind each other what a filthy lot we all are.

On the whole, a typically varied list of Bills. It is depressingly easy to think of the more urgent causes still postponed by the "luck of the draw"—marriage law reform, the cruelty and uncertainty of the abortion laws, the taxes on knowledge and entertainment, leasehold reform, the savagery of many criminal statutes. It is also easy (and reprehensibly enjoyable) to pick holes in other people's Bills. But my main reason for selecting this particular half-dozen is that I wish them all well.

C. H. ROLPH

Fleet Street Notebook

IT is I think a solemn thought that seven out of every ten people in Britain over the age of 16 now read either the *Daily Mirror* or the *Daily Express* every day, and that on Sunday nine out of ten, it appears, read either the *News of the World* or the *Sunday Pictorial*. This at least is indicated by the latest statistics for what is becoming an increasingly statistically obsessed industry—in comparison with the old romantic days when editors edited and journalists reported according to their several ideas of the public interest with never a scientific head-counter anywhere on the horizon to hold up a minatory finger.

This latest survey has been produced by the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising by what it describes as "continuous" research into the newspaper and magazine reading habits of the 37,000,000 of the population aged 16 and over. It has been conducted on behalf of, and paid for by, newspaper and magazine proprietors. The results differ in important respects from those of the most recent Hulton survey, which was, however, based on a smaller sample than usual because of the printing dispute. They provide evidence indeed that the British habit of newspaper reading, long known to be so much greater than that of any other people in the world, is even more compulsive than one had suspected and even more fixated on one or two cherished products. The Hulton survey put the total readership of the *Mirror* at just over 30 per cent. of the adult population. This latest survey puts it at just on 14,750,000, 40 per cent. of the whole, and that of the *Express* at nearly 12,585,000, 34 per cent. as against the Hulton figure of just under 27 per cent. At the other end of the scale only some three per cent. of the 37,000,000 read *The Times*, and only about eight per cent. the *Daily Telegraph*. As for intellectual refreshment on the Sabbath, over half the population (53 per cent. to be exact) still turns, it appears, as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, to the *News of the World*. The army of its devotees totals, it is estimated, well over 19,600,000: a figure to cause a certain amount of pondering amongst those who believe that man must love the highest when he sees it. The *Sunday Pictorial* with a total estimated readership of over 15,600,000 (42 per cent.) is coming up rapidly, particularly, other researches suggest, among the younger generation, and the *People* commands a faithful 14,490,000. Only six per cent. of the adult population is sufficiently adult to prefer the *Observer*, five per cent. the *Sunday Times* and only four per cent., I am sorry to see, consider that *Reynolds* with its new policy of serious popular journalism gives them what the Sunday spirit craves.

As far as one can judge from this mass of statistical information, the habit of reading more than one national morning paper is even more extensive than had previously been assumed. It seems likely from a breakdown of the figures that about half the adult population do in fact do so—although there is little to support the optimistic belief that after a quick taste at the popular press any considerable number turn to more serious papers for a solid meal. They merely like more of the same thing—especially on Sundays.

On an average some three people read each copy of every newspaper sold, although four read the *Daily Sketch* and at least five, and often more, *The Times*. The fewest readers per paper are to be found among the devotees of the *News of the World*. Most of those who buy it seem to share it with only one other kindred soul.

In some ways what happens to magazines is even more interesting than what happens to newspapers. Apart from the *Radio Times*, which is read—or at any rate looked at—by nearly 23,500,000 people every week (some 63 per cent. of the adult population), the top appeal belongs to *Woman*, the Odham's weekly which is continually breaking its own circulation records. According to the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, over 11,500,000 people (31 per cent.) now read this every week. And here an odd and perhaps significant fact emerges. A little while ago Odham's themselves made a survey of their readership among women. Their statisticians came up with a woman readership figure of just over 6,000,000, of whom 3,980,000 were rated as housewives. If the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising figure of 11,500,000 is correct, it would appear, therefore, that close on half the total readership of this glossy weekly is composed of men. Sociologists might be interested in this. It is just possible that it tells us something revealing about our society. It is even possible that we ought to stop explaining in a superior way that America differs from Britain in being woman-dominated. Only *Weekend Reveille* can compete with *Woman* in number of readers. The more general magazines like *Picture Post* and *Illustrated*, *John Bull* and *Everybody's* command half or less the support of these two. Women, whether dressed for the home or whatever it is the young ladies who grace the cover of *Weekend Reveille* are about to do, have no real rivals in the magazine market.

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Tortoise Over Hares

TOWARDS the end of 1942, the rumours that Hitler was building secret rocket weapons to attack Britain were not taken very seriously by the Chiefs of Staff. It was thought sufficient that the matter should be watched by Mr. Duncan Sandys, then the relatively unknown Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply. Yet this casual assignment helped to win the war.

Sandys had not intended to take up politics. After spending his time agreeably at Oxford, hunting, playing golf to a handicap of seven, becoming a pilot in the University Air Squadron and getting a solid second in History, he decided to enter the Foreign Office. There, his background of Eton and Magdalen, his leisured manners and his pleasant looks, would be special assets. The whole of these assets were nearly lost in 1934, when he crashed a second-hand plane in which he and a friend were proposing to fly to India. He was pulled unconscious from the burning wreckage with seconds to spare. By then he had already left the foreign service.

He had been third secretary in our Berlin Embassy, where he had become dissatisfied with what seemed to be British political shilly-shallying over the Rhineland. Britain could not decide whether to win some German goodwill by declaring that Hitler should be allowed to re-militarise the Rhineland or to take a firm stand and prevent it. Sandys's disillusion reached its depth at the Lausanne Conference where, as assistant to Sir Maurice Hankey, he sometimes had to take the minutes of meetings attended by the British Cabinet ministers who flocked to that conference. After seeing such men as Ramsay MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain and John Simon at close quarters he came to the conclusion that if that was the form he could do better. So he handed in his resignation and, a year later, after winning a by-election at Norwood, he married the sister of one of his opponents. Thereafter he seemed in some danger of being regarded merely as Mr. Winston Churchill's son-in-law.

His one incursion into fame, however, was typical of his plodding, determined character. As a territorial officer, he had seen at first hand the deficiencies of British equipment, and exposed them in a speech. For that he was called before a military court and threatened with prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. For some days there were wild rumours that he had even been guilty of treason. But these were triumphantly falsified when, invoking parliamentary privilege and refusing to move an inch from what he considered his right and his duty, he forced Hore-Belisha, then the Secretary of State for War, to climb down. Thereafter he disappeared into the war, first in Norway and then at an experimental rocket station in Wales. He might have remained in the army for the duration, and perhaps have lost his chance of political success, if on the way back from a Cardiff blitz his driver had not fallen asleep. The resultant smash left Sandys with two crushed feet and a permanent limp. He was invalided out with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and, passing through a junior ministerial job at the War Office, found himself in charge of planning defence against German "V" weapons.

In that capacity he induced the R.A.F. to send out reconnaissance flights to check on rumours of rocket construction. In time, photographs began to come in of strange, cigar-shaped objects which the Germans were building near Peenemunde. Sandys decided that these were, in fact, long-range

rockets, although his experts said that the only known fuel for such rockets—if rockets they were—was cordite, and cordite was too bulky to give such a small container an effective range. Sandys was no expert and could not answer the expert argument. But it was clear to him that the Germans were not building these cylinders for fun. He urged that Peenemunde should be bombed and, despite the lack of expert backing and the other pressing claims on our bombers, he won his point. As a result, the launching of these weapons was delayed for at least six months. Sandys's victory was a classic example of the obstinate amateur tortoise beating the expert official hare. The vital importance of the delay gained was seen later, when Sandys at length found an expert who was able to show that these cigar-shaped cylinders could be powered, not with cordite, but with a mixture of liquid oxygen and alcohol which was much less bulky and could provide them with a fully effective range. Indeed, General Eisenhower in his book, *Crusade in Europe,* stated that but for the delay the invasion of Europe "might have been written off." As it was, the dispersal of Peenemunde and the later bombing of launching sites on the Channel Coast compelled the Germans not only to delay but also, when they were at last ready, to use sites in Holland which were at least twice as far off as those originally built.

Sandys's slow-moving obstinacy had made a valuable contribution to the war effort. But there were two reasons why neither this effort nor his almost equally effective work in evolving an efficient British tank failed to launch him as a considerable public figure. One was the secrecy which hedged most wartime activities. Another was the personality of the man himself. He is not a striking speaker. His words are ground evenly through scarcely opened lips, his gestures are confined to an occasional slow tapping of the finger tips and his expression, if it changes at all, seems only to move between shy hopefulness and gentle puzzlement. There is in him little of the showmanship which helps a man to make his mark on the public consciousness and his electoral defeat in the landslide of 1945 left no echo.

Three years later he was still comparatively unknown to the British public but he had added to himself an achievement almost as unexpected as his achievements in the war. Since his Foreign Office days he had been disturbed by the obvious disunity of Europe. He felt convinced that the only salvation for its individual countries lay not, it is true, in some rigid supra-national authority but in a much greater degree of co-operation than hitherto had been possible. He found that there were many bodies and many individuals working in isolation to this end. He set himself the job of bringing them together. Without any authority and almost without backing, he began to interview hundreds of people in many countries, working downwards from their prime ministers. In the case of Britain, he began with the Leader of the Opposition—Sandys's father-in-law was one of his first, and by far his most influential, converts. Through all objections, he went doggedly on. As a result, in 1948, the Congress of Europe, attended by 800 leading European personalities, was held at The Hague. Out of that arose the European Assembly and the Council of Europe.

When the Assembly first met at Strasbourg, Sandys, because he was not an M.P., could not even attend. But he ran the Assembly just the same—from the office he set up in the town. It is difficult to get a committee going even in one's own village and even for some non-controversial purpose. But with single-minded persistence which, by largely failing to comprehend the case against him, eventually wore down most of the opposition—and enormously helped by Sir Winston's great prestige—Sandys organised the governments of western Europe into some degree of accord on a highly controversial matter.

When he returned to the House of Commons and became Minister of Supply, some members were still inclined to discount him. No one in the House of Commons discounts him today. During the long debates on steel denationalisation and now on the Rents Bill which, in his present job as Minister of Housing and Local Government, he is piloting through its committee stage, he has shown a detailed knowledge of his subject which has impressed even the most bitter opponents of these two measures. Sandys is exasperating in his thoroughness. He will keep his civil servants in their offices to all hours while slowly, painfully, he plods through every point in his brief, however trivial, until he is insured against every conceivable parliamentary accident. This clogs the machine; but at the end of the process Sandys has gripped every detail of his case. Another strength is his refusal to be diverted. In discussion, others may wish to change the subject, but Sandys progresses to his conclusion with the imperturbable persistence of a steam roller. Once an idea has taken root in his head he will importune, charm or bore his colleagues until, either through conviction or weariness, or the real likeability which his curiously modest manner projects, they accept it too. He has a third characteristic—his unostentatious but unconcealed pleasure in the use of power; and though this characteristic might more readily fit him for the role of benevolent dictator, it will not necessarily preclude him from becoming a parliamentary leader. Sandys is capable, if he thinks it necessary, of learning and using the democratic process in the same way that he masters anything else. Indeed during the past five years he has been steadily developing a parliamentary style which is as personal as it is engaging.

Through the complicated debates on steel and rents he has stood at the box with a puzzled frown on his face and seemed to say: "Look, I'm not as clever as the rest of you chaps. I can see something in your point. But what I don't quite understand is this...." After a little of this treatment, opponents feel the stirrings of mother instinct and rally to help the minister in his difficulties; and suddenly they find that the debates are over and the minister has got clean away with every point he wanted to make. So it has been responsibly suggested in recent weeks that when, in its sickness, the Conservative Party begins to look for a new leader it may even spare a glance for Mr. Duncan Sandys. It cannot go much further down the hierarchy; but it might fare a good deal worse.

It is this pedestrian thoroughness—a rare talent in politics when allied to good position and so much personal charm—which has made the tortoise, at 49, more formidable than most of the hares who surround him.

The Arts and Entertainment

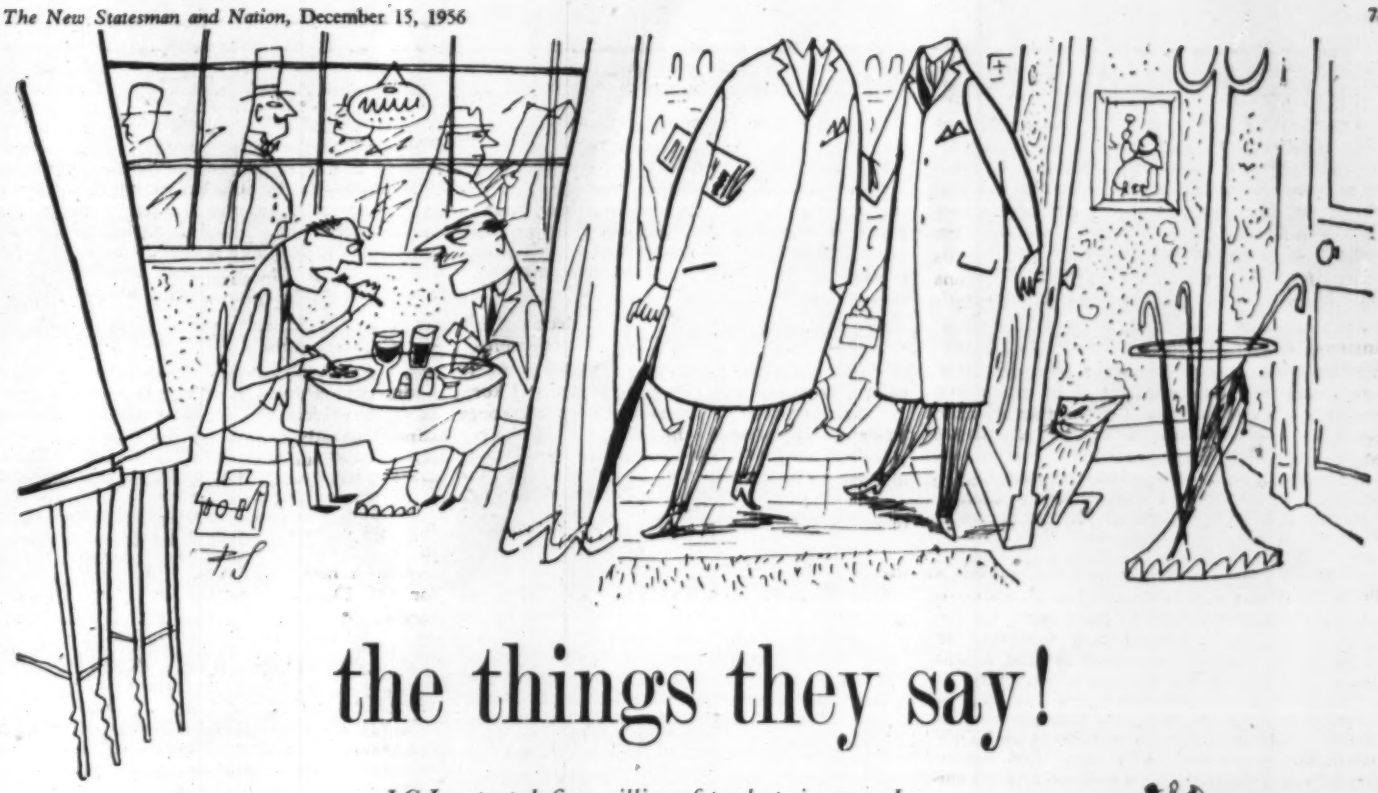
Jenufa

It has taken a long time for *Jenufa,* one of the few operatic masterpieces of this century, to reach us: fifty-two years since its première at Brno, forty years since the Prague production which made Janacek famous and started his opera on its international career. The long delay has brought one compensation: it has resulted in a performance scrupulously prepared under a conductor ideally equipped for the task. It is no secret that Rafael Kubelik's inspired handling of Janacek's *Katya Kabanova* at Sadler's Wells in 1954 was one of the determining events that led to his appointment at Covent Garden.

Working with a cast entirely drawn from the resident company, Mr. Kubelik has given the English public a very just idea of the opera. He has not quite managed to repeat the artistic triumph of the Sadler's Wells *Katya*—at any rate on the opening night—probably because it is not so easy to fill our larger house with vocal tone and intelligible words, or to generate within these *heil'gen Hallen* the straightforward theatrical excitement of a realistic drama with lifelike characters. The second act, thanks mainly to a magnificent performance from Sylvia Fisher, came nearest to achieving the intensity of which the score is capable; and the performance of the third act did justice to the moving eloquence of the final pages. Weaknesses declared themselves mainly in Act I; and they were largely traceable to indistinct articulation. Something must be done about this, for the life and point are taken out of those early scenes between Jenufa, Laca and the rest if we can catch only a few isolated words of what they are saying. The translation is not that of Vida Harford, used several times by the BBC, but a new one prepared for the occasion by two members of the company, Edward Downes and Otakar Kraus. I hesitate to pronounce on the merits of a text of which so little was to be heard, but feel constrained to point out that Mr. Kraus himself was the worst offender of all in the small but important role of the Mill Foreman in Act I. It is not enough to say that Moravian speech-contours present an insuperable problem, and to leave it at that. The problem cannot after all be so much simpler in German, and in a performance at Berlin last June the words came across with noticeable clarity.

For that matter, too much can be made of the role of actual speech curves and rhythms in the composition of Janacek's music. The melodic fragments which he jotted down in his note-books were akin to a Henry James *donnée*: merely so much raw material on which the creative imagination might brood when the due time arrived. Janacek was aiming primarily, not at a surface naturalism of declamation, as we may say that Dargomizhsky was in *The Stone Guest,* but at a penetration of the human soul, which he believed to reveal itself in "the tracks of sound that pass our way." "It seems," he once said, "that for individual musical characterisation—especially opera—these melodic fragments from daily life are of the greatest significance. By them we shall hit on the truth; we shall grasp how the human individual utters words of love; with what intensity he expresses his hate; we shall discover the melodic curve of energy; we shall hear how tenderly is rounded off the phrase which comes from the goodness of a woman's heart." *Jenufa* is in no sense a recitative opera, and no one need fear that the melodic lines which grew from such origins are meagre or unvocal, even in a conventional sense. The voice-parts, especially those of the two female principals, constantly spread aloft in ample curves of poignant emotion.

What Janacek sought above all things was truth: truth of feeling, characterisation, atmosphere; and the marked originality of his style is only a by-product of this unceasing search. It is not only Czech ears which can divine the complex and truthful reality of the many characters in *Jenufa:* a kind of reality normal in good spoken drama, but rare in opera. Jenufa herself, a deeply Slavonic type of womanhood, is so presented that it is easy to believe in her gaiety of spirit before the trials of life began to bring her to the humility and resignation so touchingly depicted in Act II; most revealing is her, then,



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submissiveness at the news of the death of her child, when the music sinks and sinks to a bottomless calm in D flat major, Janacek's almost invariable key for the most heartfelt emotions. Equally truthful and surprising is the portrait of Laca, at first all bitterness and violence expressed in jagged rhythms and fierce sforzandos, becoming steadily calmer and more mature through the second and third acts until his constancy brings about that strange "happy ending" which is unlike any other in opera. The most complex of all the characters is the Sexton's widow, or Kostelnicka, obsessed simultaneously by her pride, her rigid code of morality and her intense love for her foster-daughter, Jenufa, until the last of these three begins to exclude all other thoughts, thus bringing about her crime and downfall. The central monologue in Act II in which she yields to evil so that good (as she sees it) may come, has a hallucinatory power that reminds us of *Boris Godunov*.

Even those who have most admired Sylvia Fisher in her Strauss and Wagner roles at Covent Garden were hardly prepared for the dramatic force which she here displayed. Hers was in every way a beautifully complete and rounded portrait, alike in gesture, gait, make-up and vocal inflection; it was noticeable that her words were far more frequently audible than those of the other principals. Amy Shuard, tackling her second major Janacek heroine, made the Jenufa of Act I a little too brisk and self-assured; in the second act both her acting and her singing really came to grips with the character. She was at her best in her humble reply to Laca's protestations; her long solo scena and prayer would have benefited from a sweeter and gentler quality of tone, but she rose spendidly to the great final bars of the opera. John Lanigan presented a clever sketch of Laca, which will become more effective as he fills it out. Edgar Evans was less well cast as the young ne'er-do-well Steva, and I hope that Raymond Nilsson will later on be given a chance at this role, which he has sung on the air.

Somewhat surprisingly, Kubelik failed to give one or two of the major dramatic climaxes of the score their full impact: the great series of repeated chords and drumbeats at the end of Act II sounded almost tentative. But his handling of the music as a whole, in particular of its more tender passages, was absolutely right and true, and the orchestra played finely for him. Jan Brazda gave us an ugly first act; his Act II interior was effectively laid out, but for the fact that those seated to the right of the audience could see neither window nor door, both of capital importance in the action. Christopher West, who deserves much praise for his dramatic coaching of the principal singers, missed one essential point by failing to establish that in Act II we have moved from summer to bitter, freezing winter. The wild Slavonic gaiety of the scene of the returning "recruits" in Act I went very well; but the subsequent dance had a little too much the air of a ballet number; it is essential that it should seem merely the spontaneous rowdy outburst of a crowd of half tipsy village boys. After Act I the reception was good but perhaps a shade puzzled; the sustained volume of applause that followed the second and final curtains suggested that the compassionate humanity of Janacek's art had made itself powerfully felt through all the intervening barriers of language and idiom.

Two further operatic occasions must be more briefly chronicled. Another Czech opera, Smetana's *The Secret*, received its first English performances from the Oxford University Opera Club; it is a village comedy with a quaint plot and a number of well-drawn characters, with the usual profusion of musical ideas and an amazing variety of handling. Admiration for Professor Westrup's varied talents as translator, conductor and prime instigator of the revival was tempered only by regret at his reluctance to demand really soft playing from his efficient orchestra; Smetana's scoring is not really the warm eiderdown of tone under which we sometimes smothered at Oxford. There was some pleasant singing, notably from Janet Baker in the well-written mezzo part of Roza.

Last Sunday the BBC gave the first of two slightly abridged studio performances of Alan Bush's historical opera, *Wat Tyler*, a prizewinner in the Arts Council's 1951 competition, but so far staged only in Eastern Germany. Mrs. Bush's libretto is reasonably compact and clear in outline, but its literary style makes it an encyclopedia of period cliché. Despite the revolutionary subject, the music is conservative in style and slightly archaic in flavour; the rebellious peasants never sounded like a danger to be reckoned with. Conventional lyrical music is assigned to Tyler's wife and daughter, and (more effectively) to a minstrel at the royal court. King Richard II and his wicked nobles are creatures of straw; the most solid character is John Ball, the "people's priest," a bass role well presented by Martin Lawrence; and perhaps the best passage in the score is the lament which he and the chorus sing over the body of Wat Tyler.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Plot and Counter-plot

THE thriller is a form of entertainment by no means to be despised; but the art of getting it to work on the stage seems to be temporarily in abeyance. Some people seem to be prepared to put up with anything in the way of bad craftsmanship—corny dialogue, utterly unreal characters, completely phoney situations—just for the single pleasure of surprise (and Miss Agatha Christie now caters exclusively for this audience). Those of us who, like me, demand a good deal more felt hopeful at the names of the authors of the two latest thrillers, *Double Image* at the Savoy and *The Touch of Fear* at the Aldwych. Roger Macdougall and Ted Allen are the joint authors of the first and they have written very well in the past. But how on earth, one wondered as one sat through it, could they have been content with such shoddy writing as they have put into *Double Image*?

The mechanics of the plot, on its simple suspense level, are adroitly handled. The heart of the matter is a pair of twins one good, one bad. Or are they not twins at all but one man with two personalities? The double role, neatly handled by Mr. Richard Attenborough, has to be cleverly juggled so that we shan't know until the very end. And on that level it works—just. We *are* puzzled. But the characters are so incredible, the motivation so poorly thought out, the dialogue so slack, that I'm afraid no one of even moderate intelligence could care by the end one way or the other. Yet it was a good idea.

Dorothy and Campbell Christie, who wrote *His Excellency* and *Carrington V.C.*, are the authors of *The Touch of Fear* and they do not let us down in the same way. The situation they propound has a ring of truth and it is well presented in crisp, clean dialogue. Perhaps indeed the characters and their predicament are in a sense too good for the theme. Young Michael Stanham is still, at twenty-seven, hopelessly father-bound. The old man up at the big house dominates, interferes, controls; the young man, living with his wife in a lodge, protests, sulks, and obeys. He is not quite a "case" but he is near it: he is given to outbursts of violence outside the family circle. His worried little wife protects as best she can, conspires with the local doctor to do something for him: what, they don't quite know. All this is so convincing and true and so admirably portrayed by Miss Jill Bennett, Mr. Bryan Forbes and Mr. Colin Gordon that it is rather disappointing to find that is only the prelude to a not awfully interesting murder drama. The solution may or may not take us by surprise, but the authors have so roused our interest in the human situation that we cannot with any satisfaction leave the matter there with the murderer being led off by the police. It is the emotional tangle we want resolved, not the crime.

At the Saville, Mr. John Clements continues his classical season with *The Way of the World*. This is a decidedly old-fashioned production with many of the virtues as well as the shortcomings of the old-fashioned; merciful relief—for instance—not to have balletic footmen carrying on the furniture, and the story, one of the most complicated in the whole comedy repertory, comes (for the first time to me) crystal clear. But it is all rather heavy as well as solid. Miss Zinkeisen's literal decor is one factor; another is the diction of the cast, an inability to combine the crystalline clarity with the spanking pace that Congreve demands. If Miss Kay Hammond seems the worst offender, that with her very idiosyncratic delivery is inevitable, and she does after all supply in lieu the most dazzling appearance. Miss Margaret Rutherford's Lady Wishfort has grown greatly in command and richness since she last tried the part three years ago. There is still enough pure Rutherford to enchant her fans, but she has added enough Congreve, too, to please his. Mr. Clements sets a characteristically fine example to his cast of crisp enunciation and ironic restraint.

T. C. WORSLEY

Debates and Gifts

MR. PETER HEYWORTH, the *Observer's* music critic, who attended the Third British Jazz Festival with the melancholy we all feel on such occasions, has fired a well-directed salvo against the sort of "modern" jazz which is played in this country today. Traditional ("New Orleans") jazz, he argues, is at least invigorating, because it expresses strong, simple, basic emotions; and its musical poverty does it little harm. (Some of us may feel that the simple and basic emotions of Messrs. Barber, Colyer, Laurie and Lyttelton are a great deal less powerfully communicated than those of the classic New Orleans Negro players, but that is by the way.) On the other hand, British "modernists," while abandoning what jazz can do splendidly, substitute merely what classical music can do immeasurably better. Compared to Louis Armstrong, they may sound musically new and revolutionary; compared to modern "straight" music, they play "a bundle of tired clichés."

The judgment is perhaps phrased unfairly. The truth is, that neither British traditionalist nor British modern jazz bands are any great shakes. This country—more especially, for totally obscure reasons, Scotland—has produced a fair number of players who could hold their own in first-rate American bands, and some who actually do hold their own in the U.S.A. The trombonist George Chisholm, the saxophonist Bruce Turner, the trumpeter Kenny Baker (whom readers may recall as a sound in the film *Genevieve*) and the pianist George Shearing are instances. But we have so far certainly produced neither a band of world class nor a player of genuinely towering talent. Traditional jazz, even played by ordinary bands, remains a pleasant and infectious sound; occasionally even a faintly moving sound, for the communication of emotion requires little technique in jazz. But modern jazz is just a bore, unless played by men of remarkable technical skill. Perhaps it only comes off completely when it is also played by men who are—I don't know quite how to put this—possessed by a demon, and can communicate a kind of torn and tragic nihilism while retaining the musical bearing of an impassive mask. Few men have been so possessed. That is why far more good jazz records in the old idiom were produced in the fifteen years before "modernism" began than have been produced in the new idiom since. The young Britons who try their hand at this new type of "cool" jazz chamber music are certainly not possessed by any demon larger than a medium-sized bee. On the other hand, one may suspect that if Colin Wilson's Outsider ever finds a really convincing musical

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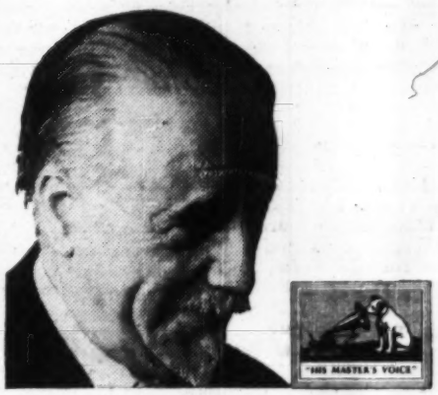

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voice—repulsive though it will be for many of us—he is much more likely to do it through "modern" than through "traditional" jazz.

However, if we cannot as yet produce much really first-rate jazz, we can certainly produce a high-minded jazz public. The admirable Visiting Orchestras Appreciation Society, whose midnight concert at the Festival Hall "for musicians and serious jazz-fans" was barracked by some of them, is only too bitterly aware of the fact. Alas, it was an error to suppose that the famous Lionel Hampton (about whose public concerts I wrote some weeks ago) was merely prevented by his box office from playing highbrow jazz, and would do so as soon as he could get an audience shorn of the rock-and-rolling teenagers. He played exactly the same exasperating mixture of vulgar showmanship and wonderful swing as he always does, and as everybody should have known he was going to play. One can only hope that the V.O.A.S., which really does fill a long-felt want, will find a naturally highbrow orchestra for its next enterprise.

Players and public, however, are still only a minority of the nation. But this is the time of year when even the majority of citizens are to some extent concerned with jazz, because they are planning to give presents to their male relations and friends between the ages of 15 and 25. (English women do not as yet take to jazz *en masse* on their own, and anyone insisting on giving them records as presents had best stick to the deamier types of the music.) Even readers totally uninterested in Tommy Ladnier or Dizzy Gillespie may, therefore, find some suggestions of suitable books or records useful.

The bulk of the good available books about jazz are biographical or autobiographical and can, incidentally, be enjoyed by anyone with a taste for Henry Mayhew's low-life reportage. They are among the few books about performing musicians and showmen which can be read with genuine enjoyment. *Big Bill Blues* (12s. 6d.) and *Mr. Jelly Roll* (18s.), both from Cassells; Louis Armstrong's enchanting *Satchmo* (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) should be available. By far the most fascinating of them is Shapiro and Hentoff's *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* (Peter Davies, 18s.), a gigantic documentary of jazz told in the words of the musicians themselves, beautifully patched together from a mass of tape-recordings, interviews and the like. On the critical side, André Hodeir's first-rate *Jazz* (Secker and Warburg, 25s.) (with a modern bias), and Hugues Panassié and Madeleine Gautier's *Dictionary of Jazz* (Cassell, 25s.) (with an anti-modern one) both published this year.

The task of choosing jazz records from among the mass which floods the market is a little less desperate, if one remembers that the really top-class performances—the sort by which one would wish jazz to be judged in fifty years' time—hardly as yet amount to more than, say, 250 short-playing sides. Here are a few suggestions. Among singers any or all the four 12-inch LPs of *The Bessie Smith Story* (Philips) and the 10-inch *Mahalia Jackson* (Vogue). Among New Orleans players various *Armstrong* Hot Five or Hot Seven LPs (say, Columbia 33S 1041 or 33SX 1029), the Mezzrow-Ladnier *Really The Blues* 10-inch (HMV) and the *Mezzrow-Bechet Quintet* (Vogue). Almost anything by Duke Ellington, for whom one's admiration ripens as one grows older; the latest, excellent record I know is the 12-inch *Historically Speaking, The Duke* (Decca). For the modernists there is the *Charlie Parker* (Vogue LDE016), this year's *Bird and Diz* (Columbia) and the sophisticated *Modern Jazz Quartet* (Esquire 20-038). The list is far from adventurous. In fact, it is rather corny. But the layman who gives jazz presents might as well stick to the safe and obvious choices, and enjoy the moral glow of paying money for good stuff. The jazz-lover who wants to take his own risks can try such things as *Wilder 'n Wilder* (London), which reveals the full range of a hitherto neglected—and far from wild—trumpeter, or *Alto Jump* (EmArcy) which shows off lesser-known reed-players. But if he is disappointed—as he may well be—it will not be with someone else's present. Anyway, Christmas is a safe and obvious festival. Whether it will be improved by the combination of Louis Armstrong and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra on December 18 in the Festival Hall, I hardly dare to say.

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EXCEPT on account of illness or other emergency, sound-radio does not often vary the programmes announced in the *Radio Times*; though the Third is apt to overrun quite nonchalantly, so that if you tune in to a concert by the Amadeus string quartet you may have to listen to the last seven minutes of a talk on recent archaeological discoveries in Turkestan.

On television, however, there has been a good deal of programme-switching lately. Last Sunday afternoon, for instance, would-be viewers of the BBC's *Sportsview* found a Liszt piano concerto in full blast. This is a symptom of the war now raging between the BBC and ITV: the old lady is no longer the aloof dowager we once thought her, she hitches up her skirts and lashes out with her rolling-pin. It is axiomatic in this operation that the viewers are to be coaxed from the opposition's strongest offering. If one channel has a particularly attractive drama or panel-game advertised for a particular hour, the other channel will put on *its* biggest draw at the same hour, or perhaps a bit earlier.

The competition occurs at all levels and in all types of programme. ITV managed to eat into the Sunday evening church-time break by running a 7 p.m. programme *About Religion* (which is often admirably done and free enough from pulpiteering clichés to interest even diehard anti-clericals). So the BBC came back with a similar programme, *Meeting Point*. On the Sunday before last ITV had the better of this particular bout, with a free-for-all between a parson and some teddy-boys that caught the critics' attention; last Sunday *Meeting Point* scored, with Fr. Huddleston, Mary Stocks and others in a Christian Forum with Clifton boys and girls (though a last-minute switch to ITV showed me that I had been missing something good there—a beautiful young woman recounting, with radiant equanimity, the appalling personal disasters that she had suffered and overcome).

Similarly, in ITV children's programmes, among many other American film imports, there is a "wonder" dog, Rin-tin-tin. So BBC children now have to have an American "wonder" horse, Champion.

It can be argued that, until ITV provided the competition, the viewer had no choice of programmes, anyway, and that the existence of the rival channel has stimulated the BBC to efforts that would not have been made if there had merely been an alternative BBC programme. It can be argued, on the other hand, that the inconvenience and irritation which the present manoeuvres inflict on viewers are in their long-term interest, since, if the BBC went under altogether in the struggle to keep audiences, a raid on licence-fees by ITV would be almost irresistible—and then the BBC might not be able to afford all its essential unseen research and experimental work, and its documentary and other programmes of quality. There is some force in both these arguments; but neither of them will stop viewers from grumbling when two plays which large numbers of them want to see—such as Roger MacDougall's *Escapade* and Yvonne Mitchell's *The Same Sky*—are broadcast simultaneously.

In contrast to the BBC's new zest for the tactical switching of programmes is the rigid adherence to formula, by producers on both channels, within particular programmes. If a programme retains its popularity, and its framework consists of a certain series of ritual words and actions,

it is understandable that producers should be reluctant to risk sacrificing the popularity by varying the ritual. It does not seem to occur to them that the programme may still be popular despite rather than because of some parts of its formula, and mainly because those taking part in it put on a consistently good act. For instance, I still like watching *What's My Line?*, but I am bored by two time-wasting incidentals—the "signing-in" by contestants (why not simply introduce them?) and, particularly, the "celebrity spot," with the silly charade of the masks and the speedy identification by Mr. Monkhouse of (almost invariably) someone in show business, for whom we then have to endure a long-drawn-out, gratuitous plug. If a break in the rhythm of the programme is needed at this point (as it may be), why not devise a new one?

This schematic monotony may provoke those violent attacks which sometimes disconcert those responsible for generally popular programmes. A formula should be analysed afresh from time to time, and dispensable elements dispensed with.

*

From time to time the BBC has broadcast programmes about particular journals—the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, for instance. Next Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., on the Home Service, there is to be a tribute to this journal in the person of its editor, Mr. Kingsley Martin. *N.S. & N.* readers may care to know of this—particularly, perhaps, older readers, since I gather that the programme will be largely historical and reminiscent in theme.

TOM DRIBERG

Max Ernst

Max Ernst (Matthiessen's) is a strange phenomenon, an important painter who cannot paint. He was one of the founders of the Surrealist movement and subsequently influenced a whole school of younger painters; but the fact remains that his first works, executed in the early Twenties when Surrealism was a new and vital force, are of a gaucheness and incompetence that is truly remarkable. In *Aequis submersis* and *Pietà ou la Révolution la Nuit*, the drawing is lamentable, the compositions clumsy and the debt to de Chirico patently obvious; and yet these early paintings, although now strangely dated, are sustained by the force of Ernst's imaginative powers and by the originality and immediacy of his vision. Perhaps aware of his own disabilities, Ernst explored the possibilities of a whole series of technical devices: taking rubbings at random off various highly textured surfaces, stamping objects on to his canvases to leave a decorative impression, running combs through wet pigment and so on—the pictorial equivalents of automatic writing in Surrealist literature. And Ernst's real gift lies in his ability to organise these accidental effects into meaningful and imaginative creations, and in his power to bring to life, as if by magic, inanimate materials. A relief, another early work, shows a few vertical strips of cork transformed into totem-like forms, strange, cosmic symbols. In *Forêt et Soleil* the sooty shapes become a mysterious tangle of vegetation, and a few lines ruled over a highly stylised painting of birds evokes all the claustrophobia of a small cage.

It is unfortunate that the gallery was not able to show more of the early collage and book illustration; they would have taken up very little room and would have helped to give a picture of Ernst at his most characteristic and best. As the works become more formal, they become less imaginative and interesting; and, in most of the paintings shown, the poetry which characterises Ernst's best work is lacking. The latest paintings show a new technical control, but compositionally they are weak, and the imagery tends to become trite and flat. Only in a few small jewel-like panels does Ernst recapture some of his early magic, and these, while they are more immediately pleasing, no longer have the power to disturb and move.

JOHN GOLDING

Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—L. H. accuses me of inaccuracy and distortion in my account of the events between October 24 and November 3, and follows this up by a series of unsubstantiated general assertions.

First, Radio Free Europe: L. H. maintains that Radio Free Europe did not intervene but merely sent their reporters into Hungary. Mrs. Anna Kéthly, as reported in the *New York Times* of November 30, said: "Radio Free Europe has gravely sinned by making the Hungarian people believe western military aid was coming when no such aid was planned." Secondly, book burning: This was not confined to the first two days of the revolution; it was resumed in a big way after Russian troops had left Budapest, when every Communist bookshop was sacked and many books were destroyed, when the Communist Party headquarters were stormed and most of the people working there were lynched. Third, the position of the Nagy government: L. H. asserts that the Nagy-Tildy government was fully supported by the various groups taking part in the revolution. What are the facts? Premier Nagy broadened his government to include Zoltan Tildy and Béla Kovács on Saturday, October 27. According to an Associated Press report from Budapest of October 31: "An angry crowd of about 2,000 demonstrated today in front of the Hungarian parliament building demanding that 'the government of murderers resign'." On October 30, a new journal appeared in the streets of Budapest. Its name was *Fueggetlenség*, resuming the name of another journal which used to appear in Budapest before the war. The banner headline of this first number proclaimed: "We do not recognise the present government." The special correspondent of *Le Monde*, Jean Roman, reported day by day the progressive weakening of the Nagy-Tildy government.

I must now turn to Basil Davidson's contribution. I am naturally glad of his support, but I must point out that some of his facts are wrong and some of his conclusions are unwarranted. First, the affair of the Foreign Ministry: The New York *Herald Tribune* of November 3 published a United Press report which said:—"Rebel forces representing the Budapest city revolutionary council seized the Foreign Ministry building tonight from soldiers loyal to Premier Imre Nagy. The so far unexplained takeover had special significance because Premier Nagy is also Foreign Minister." Second, the special correspondent of *Le Monde*, M. Thomas Schreiber, was in Budapest throughout the revolution. M. Schreiber speaks perfect Hungarian and is now publishing a detailed and careful account of the various stages of the revolution. On the subject under discussion, he has this to say in *Le Monde* of December 5: "Instead of helping the new Prime Minister, Mr. Imre Nagy, in his difficult task to assure at long last the democratisation of the country, the divers factions —in Budapest and in the provinces—competed with each other in creating political anarchy." Mr. Leslie B. Bain, writing in the *Reporter* of November 15 said: "Yet the nationalist tide kept rising. A close associate of Nagy admitted on Saturday, the fifth day, that the revolt was beyond the control of those who had started it . . . The Nagy government kept floundering." The special correspondents of *Die Welt* and of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* both reported the mounting pressure for the removal of the Nagy-Tildy government and for its replacement by a right-wing government. *Le Figaro* pointed out day by day the powerless position and growing isolation of the Nagy-Tildy government. Mr. Antony Terry, reporting from Hungary in the *Sunday Times* of November 4, wrote: "Meanwhile, the executive power of the Nagy government does not extend far outside parliament in Budapest where it is entrenched behind barbed wire and self-propelled guns." On the subject of a "white terror," Hanni Konnitzer reported from Budapest in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* of November 3: "In spite of the appeals by the government to hand over state-security men to the authorities, they are mainly being lynched,

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and it is high time that there should be a proper government power again which would prevent the understandable hatred of the people being misused and degenerating into a 'white terror'." And on the same day, Jean Roman in *Le Monde*, wrote: "Since yesterday the manhunt is on in Budapest . . , Throughout the country scenes are being enacted which recall the return of the 'whites' in Hungary in 1919."

I agree with Basil Davidson that we must not begin our critical examination of Soviet policy in Hungary with the second military intervention. The criminal nature of the Rakosi regime has been obvious to most of us for many years, and we did not need the tragic events of the last three weeks to open our eyes. The Soviet government is fully responsible for the bankruptcy of Communist rule in Hungary because it insisted on keeping Rakosi in power. There is, however, sufficient evidence to suggest that the Soviet government was tolerating the Nagy-Tildy government until October 31, and that there was a reasonable chance of liberalising the regime and of reaching an agreement, in time, on the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Hungary. I think that a modified "Polish" solution was then still possible. What changed their minds were, I submit, three factors. 1, The danger of a right-wing, bitterly anti-Russian government in Hungary. 2, The strategic consequences of such a development in the heart of Europe. 3, The invasion of Egypt, which, according to reports from India reflecting the views of the Indian government, revived all the old Russian fears of the western powers imposing themselves by force upon the uncommitted nations of the Middle East.

Sheffield, 10. J. MENDELSON

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PURGE

SIR,—The wholesale arrests in South Africa of leading opponents of Apartheid is further proof of a growing disregard for Christian principle in human relations. That there seems to have been so little sense of outrage in this country may be partly because of our concern over the Hungarian and Suez disasters; but it is also, I suspect, evidence of a growing insensitivity in face of tyranny and human suffering. The majority of the victims of this latest action of the South African government are Africans whose dependants will suffer dire hardships while their breadwinners are kept in prison. Christian Action with the support of the Movement for Colonial Freedom, has established a fund to provide for the legal defence of these victims and to give aid where it is needed to their dependants.

Please send a donation to this fund. Here is an opportunity of expressing not only goodwill to those for whom this year, Christmas will be a time of increased hardship and deep sorrow, but also our devotion to Him who by His lowly birth took upon Himself the sin and the suffering of the world.

Send your gift to The Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.

L. JOHN COLLINS
Christian Action. *Chairman*

TEACHERS' DOLE

SIR,—In your article "Teachers' Dole" you quoted the figure 31 as being the number of children per teacher in Primary schools. Surely a more worthwhile figure would have been the average size of classes in the primary schools of the nation.

As a teacher of 45 primary children in London, I feel that my children are being given less of an educational opportunity than they deserve. Inspectors talk glibly about group work and individual projects, but when this is put into operation it smacks rather of the "steam education" and monitorial systems of Bell and Lancaster than of modern education. Parents should be told that the only way of giving their children a better education is to reduce the number of children in *all* classes, not only grammar and technical schools. They should not be fobbed off with talk of modern methods and project work; these are only obtainable in small classes of 30, or less.

The present system of classes of 40, and over, means that to spend only one minute with each pupil takes longer than the normal primary school lesson. The result is—repression of individuality, for the sake of teacher's and pupil's nervous equilibrium, backwardness and an impersonal education.

There are many teachers profoundly dissatisfied, not only with salaries, but also with large classes—the rest of the community seems remarkably apathetic about the education *their* children are getting.

86 Plough Road, W. HAYDN-THOMAS
Battersea, S.W.11.

THE PETROL MUDDLE

SIR,—I was interested to read your comments on "The Petrol Muddle." You describe the matter too mildly. Even a Tory government, one would have thought, could have displayed more competence.

My company—a fairly large building and civil engineering firm—operates a considerable fleet of vehicles and a great deal of mechanical plant. With fuel the price it is (or has been) we do not waste it. Our activities are largely in rural areas, in Devon and Cornwall particularly, where for all practical purposes public transport is non-existent or hopeless.

We have looked in vain for a forthright and complete statement as to what we must do and have had to ferret out the necessary information. We have wasted no time because the issues are deadly serious to us. So far we have been granted the grossly inadequate allowance of 100 miles a month for our cars, and in spite of early application we simply do not know what we shall get for commercial vehicles and plant in relation to our particular commitments and circumstances.

If the situation is so serious, drastic cuts must be accepted, but surely we should be told sufficiently in advance to enable us to safeguard, if we can, our vital interests—whilst private motorists, of course, uselessly consume their generous allowances.

I write with a clear conscience, as I have from the beginning opposed the Suez fiasco.

Buckland Monachorum, H. E. HUNT
Devon.

PACIFIST MESSAGE TO HUNGARY

SIR,—Michael Randle, a member of long standing and enjoying the complete confidence of the Non-violent Resistance Group, is contemplating an attempt to enter Hungary with a message of encouragement to those using passive resistance in the struggle for freedom and independence. He would hope to make known the fact that those Hungarians using passive resistance are supported by pacifists all over the world who are themselves resisting militarism and striving to end all wars. He would carry with him leaflets printed in Hungarian and Russian, and first make his way to Vienna. He would like to leave London on December 22 and would welcome the company of a few other European pacifists.

It is emphasised that this project is not of the same nature as that envisaged by Philip Toynbee and in which members of the N.V.R. Group are interested and watching with sympathy as plans go forward for a bigger demonstration commencing on April 7. The question of financial help for Michael Randle's project will arise if many volunteers come forward. Offers of help would be welcomed.

79 Lordship Park, N.16. HUGH BROCK

DEATH OF A HERO

SIR,—Like nearly every other English critic, Golding admits Guttuso's talents and regrets the way he uses them. That is a point of view which tells us something about the critic, but in his article last week

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it was not based on looking at the painting he was considering. He said that the picture of *The Death of a Hero* was "over-emotional" in its "conventional use of Communist symbols." I challenge him: what symbols? Does he count the piece of red drapery? If so, has every Communist painter to forswear the colour red in order to escape this charge? And what other symbols? There are none. As for this austere work being over-emotional, if Golding remembered that Guttuso is a Sicilian and that the generally acknowledged fault of most "official" Communist painting is that it is dull, mechanical and not emotional enough, he might be able to justify his personal opinion more convincingly.

He goes on to hope that Guttuso will now disentangle his talents from the "rigid Communist orthodoxy" that has "enmeshed" them. If he means by this that he hopes Guttuso will change his political party, the hope is vain and ignorantly impertinent. If he means that he hopes Guttuso will cease to follow a prescribed line as a painter, the answer is that he never has. The Italian party has no stylistic line on art, and from 1945 onwards Guttuso has ignored all Soviet examples and developed entirely independently. Before 1945 he was fighting for the independence of the artist against the Fascists. What enmeshes Guttuso is the living history and tragedy of his own country. And that is why his *Death of a Hero*, although "one of the best things" in the exhibition, looks "uncomfortable in its present company."

JOHN BERGER

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—I was one of Dr. Leavis's first pupils. The two hours a week during which he talked to our year at Girton about poetry were to me in the nature of a revelation.

Fresh from a sixth form where the approach to literature had been romantic, generalised, emotional and submissive, I found his minute analysis of the Word, his strong and abundant antipathies made up an intoxicating draught. I am still grateful for the depths and richnesses which he revealed in certain poems and for the method, which I have used in teaching at all levels, of perpetual contrast and comparison. But as the years pass I have become less and less sure of the rightness of his principles and conclusions.

I no longer feel it is useful to consider a man's writings apart from the man himself in reaching a final judgment. I no longer accept all his canons of greatness, and I find that in destroying (rightly) certain preconceptions and prejudices in the approach to a work of literature he has established others no less formidable and dangerous. I remember him as a teacher whose words stirred and excited; in his squeezed, dry, parenthetic, mannered prose I can feel no life.

And surely the fact that he has changed his opinions and taste not at all in 25 years suggests an arrest somewhere in the development of that sensibility which he so rightly urged us to preserve and nourish.

Everyone should at some time come under the influence of Dr. Leavis's powerful creed; everyone should be careful to remove himself before that influence becomes a paralysing spell.

26 Towncourt Crescent, JOYCE EVANS
Petts Wood, Kent.

SIR,—I didn't want Mr. Wain to be nastier to Mr. Priestley. I just wanted him not to flaunt a neutrality which (to his credit) is not his true position. I don't see why I should have refrained from saying so just because I had nothing fresh to say on "the real matter at issue."

J. C. MAXWELL
University of Durham.

HEADMASTERSHIP

SIR,—Sharing John Raymond's delight, at a safe distance, in headmasters, I wonder whether he can remind me which of them it was who, preaching on the text "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," exclaimed: "Christ would never have dared to say that to a [Rugby? Clifton?] boy."

18 East Heath Road, N.W.3. DANIEL GEORGE

GEORGE MOORE

SIR,—Better late than never when a fact is in question. Mr. Walter Allen wrote a very sympathetic review of my book, *G.M.—Memories of George Moore*, in the October 6 number of the *N.S. & N.*, at the end of which he pointed out an error. Convinced that G.M. had often told many of us that he had *taken* Arnold Bennett *with him* to Hanley, in the Potteries, while he (G.M.) was beginning to write *A Mummer's Wife*, I had naturally set this down in my book. Mr. Allen wrote that, in 1885 (when the great novel appeared) "Bennett was a youth of eighteen unknown to London, a clerk in his father's law office" (which did make my statement look erroneous).

Travelling as I am in Provence, it has been impossible to consult data. My publisher has now very kindly looked up Mr. Reginald Pound's biography of Bennett. Page 67 seems to reveal the clue to the reason for my memory having been at fault. Bennett wrote in his journal, Sept. 7, 1910: "Yesterday I finished the third or fourth perusal of *A Mummer's Wife*. The book is original and fine and beautiful. . . . You have squalor and sordidiness turned into poetry." And Bennett wrote Moore on Dec. 24, 1920: "I wish also to tell you that it was the first chapters of *A Mummer's Wife* which opened my eyes to the romantic nature of the district I had blindly inhabited for over twenty years. You are indeed the father of all my Five Towns books."

I hope that this very interesting passage in Mr. Pound's *Arnold Bennett* may atone a little for my confusion.

NANCY CUNARD

SENSE AND MAGIC

SIR,—We must protest at your review of *The Last Battle*. While far from being "intellectual children"—whatever they may be—we disagree entirely with your reviewer. We even wondered if we were thinking of the same book—our copy reads "Calomenes," not Colomenes!

Your reviewer has looked at the book in the stupidest way imaginable. She has pulled the story to pieces, looking for a hidden meaning. When she does not find it she looks at the remains of the story and calls it an "extraordinary conglomeration of ideas." Most children, however, would read the story, enjoy it, and, as they read it, the hidden meaning comes upon one—for there is another meaning, and it is a deep and solemn one.

I think that it would help Miss Farjeon if she read C. S. Lewis's other *Narnian Tales*. We have read and enjoyed them all, and because we had found out what the "other story" was by reading those, we were able to appreciate *The Last Battle* to the full, for it is the best book of them all. This is not a "highly strung romance." It is more than a bedtime story, and if you do not wish to hunt for secret allusions there is still the story. If you read any story about Narnia I am sure that you will be shocked at the way Miss Farjeon describes *The Last Battle*. Certainly by the time we had read "Sense and Magic" we could have "kicked your reviewer downstairs," too!

JANICE SUTCH (12 yrs.)
JOHN SUTCH (8 yrs.)
LESLEY SUTCH (10 yrs.)

18 Cavendish Crescent, Nottingham.

PABLO CASALS

SIR,—On December 29 Pablo Casals celebrates his 80th birthday. Many of his friends and admirers in this country will wish to send him their greetings and to express their continuing devotion. To mark this occasion in London a concert in homage to Casals will be given at Friends House on December 28, in which many of his friends and colleagues will take part. The proceeds of this concert will be given to the Casals 80th Birthday Fund which will be presented to him to use at his discretion with the signatures of all contributors. We invite all Pablo Casals' friends to send their donations to Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 31, Sloane Square, S.W.1, for the credit of the Casals 80th Birthday Fund. Further details may be obtained from the honorary secretary, Miss P. M. Brewster, 47, Pont Street, S.W.1.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Didactic Pagan

D. H. LAWRENCE is one of the mixed geniuses who block the reader's road. We set off elated and enlarged by his superb company and we end with a splitting headache at an open-air meeting. Mr. Graham Hough*, who is interested in "the many attempts during the last hundred years to find satisfaction for the religious impulse outside Christianity", and who is a sympathetic critic, was drawn to his subject at this point. He writes with good sense, without acrimony and without setting up a rival sect of his own to drown the hymns he does not care for.

In his time, Lawrence was as infectious and impure in his influence as Carlyle. The Puritans may outwardly seem to be dulled by their obsession with conscience; their satisfactions lie within in the dramatic imagination, above all in the fantasies of combat and conflict. Carlyle always drew on this spirit; and so, strenuously, did Lawrence with a similar sardonic gaiety and liability to hysteria. The two extremists can be matched: Carlyle's angry demonic doctrine of work and Lawrence's doctrine of equally excruciating surrender to the very opposite and most idle of social demons: the dark gods: the one making work, the other making sex, a torture. It is a paradox that Lawrence's influence on our attitude to sex has on the whole been good and liberating to sensibility, and yet, that it seriously conflicts with the general experience. The act is supremely egotistical, but there is something ludicrous in Lawrence's refusal to consider it as one of procreation. The paradox is enlarged when we observe that, as a novelist, Lawrence so often fails in his accounts of physical passion but (in Mr. Hough's words) "no one has ever got so near the bone in presenting the experience of two people of different sexes living in the same house." He was really interested, and with a kind of natural fierce and tender delight, not in sex but in the struggle for power. His lovers embrace like killers. From a religious point of view—and Lawrence was a religious man—we can see why: the nonconformists have always been bored by the great worldly and insipid orthodoxies.

The critic's difficulty with D. H. Lawrence is that the poet, the novelist, the continuous autobiographer or egoist, the prophet or journalist, are inseparable. Yet they do not run into one and are not amorphous. A master executant, in a page or two he jumps from one role to the other with an abrupt change of key and without the slurring of merely garrulous writers; but also without order. If we blame Lawrence for being repetitious, we know that he can be a master of repetition; his contradictions are wilful and hard. Mr. Hough has followed them sympathetically if without illusion, for he has recognised the poet. He sees the gaps; he sees through the attack on romantic love, he watches the drift towards Fascism and the sudden side-step from it. He is neither indignant nor gushing. He takes the important novels patiently, in detail but without pendantry. It may all sound rather mild when one remembers the first violent impact of the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*; the engines behind works of genius are not merely commendable or mistaken philosophies of life, they have the ugliness of the creative anarchy. But Mr. Hough comes out right in the end:

> The construction of myth is probably as old as civilisation itself, and Lawrence has as much right to his imaginative indulgence as anyone. But it is imaginative indulgence rather than the rigour of the whole truth. Yet, after all, Lawrence does claim to be doing something more, and I for one wish to claim it for him. If what he does is to subject current ideals to a corrosive criticism, bring the edifice crashing down, and then side-step from the resultant catastrophe into a fantasy world, his achievement would be less than we feel it to be. There must be something else. It has been admitted that he does not feel with the force of full commitment the tragic bearing of his doctrine. Why does the impression of personal integrity remain so strong?

(It does occasionally break down. As Mr. Hough points out, it breaks in the nightmare chapter of *Kangaroo*. But integrity *is* his strength.)

> It can only be because Lawrence personally manages to transcend tragedy—if the paradox may be allowed—as the saints transcend it... it is an analogy not an identity that is suggested. But the selfless, obliterating joy of identification with the energies of life wipes out all the individual loss, limitation and incompleteness for Lawrence as the saints' all-obliterating love of another God does for them.

Like the saints; but, as Mr. Hough says, those signs of bad temper in the way the characters treat one another, and in the nagging passages describing the social scene, begin already in *The Rainbow*. The bother is that "sexual compatibility and compatibility of mind" are not necessarily "indissolubly linked." Lawrence is never better than when describing natural conflicts; he is even exhilarated by the spit and the flouncing; but he is bad when he is looking around to aggravate the quarrel mystically. It is a signal that he is frantically in the wrong. His virtues, in the novels, lie in "the identification with the energies of life"; and here Mr. Hough, following closely on Dr. Leavis, finds those innumerable felicities which make for Lawrence's greatness. His gift is to convey not only the physical presence of people, but—more important—their own sense of one another's physical presence, even the unconscious sense by which they have bodily knowledge of the most trivial actions. Even more; by his manner, Lawrence is able to show how awkwardly the mind gets in the way of recognition. Lawrence's impatience with form in the novel rises because of his power to describe life as it bubbles up from below in the undramatic empty hours of the day; his dramas rely on the conflict between rival accumulations of incompatible experience. What English novelists call character is an irrelevance, as a general rule, in him. Lawrence is a passive and discursive novelist who is least successful in the denouements of story-telling, simply because his chief characters lose their identity. One monolith coagulates with the other. They are more telling and identifiable in the daily quickenings of life than when they are coming out in formal opposition.

Here, I think, a peculiar parallel with Meredith can be seen and it surprises me that critics as acute as Dr. Leavis and Mr. Hough have not gone into this aspect of Lawrence's relation to literature. Enough attention has been paid to his relation with life. The pagan Meredith, the poet-novelist with his German education, his satirical peppering of the class-system in English life, his uncommon national sense, his egotism, his "vitalism," was certainly not a prophet; but his paganism was didactic and he saw people as forces, as adventures, as ideas, before he saw them as characters. The process of his narrative reverses Lawrence's: from naturalism to symbol and myth. Of course, Lawrence is conducting a dissenting meeting in the open air, whereas Meredith is a speaker who ends up, false and affected, on the stage. It will be objected, I know, that Meredith *did* create "great characters." But "great characters" are not characters; they, too, are really powers, idiosyncrasies and types blown up to gale force. There is a basic cousinship between Lawrence and Meredith which enables us to understand why both are strained writers. They are straining to move to new conceptions of man. I wish that Mr. Hough, whose starting-point was the religious impulse outside Christianity, had placed Lawrence with Meredith in the context of the late Victorian rebellion. In their respective obscurities, Meredith is the conscious, Lawrence the unconscious half.

Mr. Hough is an orderly and perceptive critic and there is no excuse for misunderstanding Lawrence or getting his perspective wrong after reading this book. He underlines his debt to Dr. Leavis and marks the occasional difference. On the question of T. S. Eliot's criticism of Lawrence, Mr. Hough writes:

> a rather hoity-toity concept of culture has been used to show that Lawrence had a hole-and-corner upbringing, and remained an inspired barbarian, ignorant of the grand expanses of properly certified European civilisation. But the only people who ever inhabit this kind of European civilisation are cultivated Americans like Henry James and Mr. Eliot.

Europeans could not breathe in the imaginary American Europe and never have breathed in it. As we would expect, Lawrence was first admired by the non-expatriate Americans. This can become an important point, for Lawrence's distinction is that he broke with the eccentric tradition in the English novel. Revolutionaries are serious. Mr. Hough calls him an international writer. There is another shrewd point of Mr. Hough's which can be carried far if we wish. He remarks on the different Lawrence who was disclosed by the re-writing of Martin Skinner's novel: *The Boy in the Bush*. Here Lawrence was provided with a ready-made story of physical adventure that lay outside his experience:

> He seems to find it highly congenial, and makes Jack, the boy in the bush, into an authentic Laurentian hero—a more convincing one, indeed, than many of the others whose pursuit of the instinctual forces is limited to marrying

* *The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence.* By GRAHAM HOUGH. *Duckworth.* 25s.

and talking. Lawrence's gospel would have been more acceptable if the range of physical effort open to him had been greater.

He is, in fact, as we look back upon him, a novelist of very narrow range. Early obsessions had no doubt kept him from enlarging it; the pride of the psychologically defeated. His heroes fail, very consciously fail in the man to man relationship; they have not left their apron-strings, and hardly grow beyond a feminine sense of power. Then, the failure to submit to tragedy though exhilarating, was itself æsthetically wilful and perverse. A world obliged to submit to that stands between him and ourselves. It is therefore understandable that we now find the sex-war trivial and his prophecy obstructive; that we turn to the superb stories where he is purged of it and to the travels where his personality is, in the main, free and irresponsible. Lawrence free and rogue is always better than Lawrence setting up the new sect and inventing new tortures of initiation for it. Mr. Hough ends with a sensible chapter on the awkward matter of Lawrence's poetry.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Poet at Lake Nojiri

He escaped the ninety million
To find a lonelier place
And each day found him sitting
Admiring nature's face
In the lake where, fifty feet below,
Great carp he never saw
Could watch the casual suicide
Clutching at a straw.

At first reflecting water
Straightened the city's stance.
The headlines' daily tragedies
Drowned in that bland expanse:
A boat moored in a sandy bay
And a hill on either hand
Were kinder to his blunted eyes,
Easier to understand.

And yet the gentle pastoral
Was soured at last, for he
Found in each grain of nature
Pathetic fallacy:
The yammering cicadas,
The moths smashed on the pane
Became his symbols. And the lake
Choked with atomic rain.

These second-hand impressions,
Each image half-aware
Of some illustrious ancestor
Who looked on nature bare
Made him no happier; but then
(He thought) "Nothing can pass
Between the sight and seer without
Distortion in the glass.

The narrow islands fester,
Steeped in their own dung,
Yet words in this backwater are
Too easy on the tongue.
The lake's isolation
Leads me too much astray,
Smothers the suicide's gesture with
What I don't want to say."

Back to the ninety million
He soberly returned:
Shared the vicarious misery;
Sat restlessly; then burned
Some manuscripts; and pondered
On grief and happiness
And the smooth, lonely abstractions
He could not now express.

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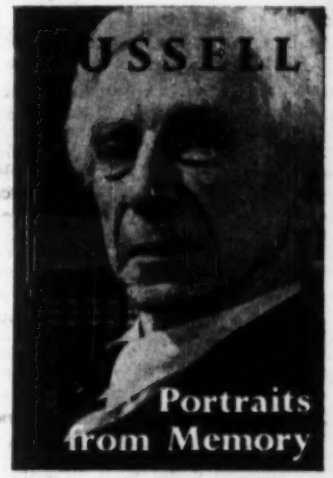

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The Ethics of Terrorism

De Valera and the March of a Nation. By MARY C. BROMAGE. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Whenever I hear a fellow-politician saying "Of course, none of us can condone terrorism", I feel a sense of moral discomfort. Is it that I am a wicked man (as Lady Harding told me last January as I sat down to lunch beside her in Government House, Nicosia), or am I only a little less hypocritical than most of my colleagues? Whatever the reason, I cannot help noticing that public opinion regards civil insurrection as something respectable and even praiseworthy when it is employed against foreign tyrannies, and only condemns it as terrorism when our own men are the victims.

This is such an outrageous example of doublethink that it is worth asking how a politically mature people can be guilty of it. The answer, I suspect, is that we tend to employ two ethical standards, one for judging what the enemy is entitled to do to us and the other for judging what we are entitled to do to him. We denounced Hitler, for instance, as a war criminal who had violated the Hague Convention when he dropped 500-lb. bombs indiscriminately on the centres of Rotterdam and Coventry. But when Bomber Harris deliberately cooked 60,000 Germans alive in the centre of Hamburg, we described this as a heroic exploit, and justified it on the ground that it saved casualties and shortened the war.

Broadly speaking, this was also our excuse for encouraging terrorism in occupied Europe. I spent most of the war years from 1940 to 1945 helping to persuade civilians under Nazi rule that Resistance (which included every crime from black market to murder) was not merely morally excusable but an ethical duty. Not that we psychological warriors gave the stamp of our approval to all murder gangs. We had a recognised nomenclature for distinguishing between good and bad terrorists, and sometimes we had to change the labels rather abruptly. I remember, for instance, the awkward moment when the Government dropped Mihailovitch and backed Tito. "In future," our directive ran, "Mihailovitch forces will be described not as patriots but as terrorist gangs: we shall also drop the phrase 'red bandits,' as applied to partisans, and substitute 'freedom fighters'." At the time I do not remember being shocked that the tap of moral approval could be turned on and off so abruptly by the Foreign Office and the Chiefs of Staff. After all, we were fighting a total war, and I assumed that the men far above me, who made the policy decision, were as cynical about the distinction between patriots and bandits as we were. Only later did the truth dawn on me that British Cabinet Ministers, Archbishops and newspaper editors actually believed our propaganda and took this moral doubletalk seriously.

Since 1945 we have heard far less about the heroism of Resistance and far more about the crimes of terrorism. The reason is obvious. At least until the Hungarian Freedom Fighters strung up the Secret Policemen on the lamp-posts of Budapest, civil violence has been endemic only in the colonial possessions of Western Powers. Many of the terrorists in the British Empire were trained in British schools. Many members of the Irgun Zwei Leumi, for instance, who were recruited to help in the liberation of the Balkans from the Germans, later used their techniques for the liberation of Palestine from the British. I remember going to see Chaim Weizmann in the Dorchester a few days after the Irgun had blown up the British military headquarters in the King David Hotel. Weizmann was opposed to terrorism on moral grounds as well as for reasons of expediency. But on that occasion even he felt the moral conflict. "You can't deny that they were brave," he said to me with tears in his eyes, "and if it had been a German headquarters they would have got the Victoria Cross." I agreed with him, and that is why I could never fully share the moral disapproval for the methods of the Irgun which most politicians expressed during the Palestine troubles.

Now, in Cyprus, we have got yet another example of this moral inconsistency. One of the grounds on which every Government spokesman denounces Archbishop Makarios is that a Christian priest should not connive at terrorism. Yet in 1944 every Government spokesman praised Archbishop Damaskinos for his gallant role in organising resistance—to the Germans. What puzzles me is how Sir Anthony can hope to avoid the charge of hypocrisy when he condemns Makarios for an attitude to terrorism which he praised when Damaskinos adopted it ten years before. It is we who taught the Greeks that the civilian is entitled to murder foreign soldiers and policemen if his country is denied its freedom.

If the truth be told, the British are a people against whom it pays to wage campaigns of violence. Against the French, terrorism is frequently unsuccessful, since it merely provokes a wholesale massacre of the native population. But against a British colonial administration it hardly ever fails to work. Indeed, I cannot think of one example since the American Revolution where oppressive British colonial governments have failed to conform to the rule, which runs: first refuse to concede to violence and then, if the violence continues long enough, proceed to do so. In the end it is precisely the successful terrorist who is most warmly admired by the British public and taken to his heart by the kind of politician who earlier remarked, "Of course, none of us can condone terrorism."

Of this process, by which a gunman is transformed into a stateman, the classic example is Eamonn De Valera. He started as a schoolmaster-terrorist, murdering Englishmen as a member of an illegal army and frankly admitting that he wanted Germany to win World War I. Thence he graduated to the political leadership of Sinn Fein and became the man who must negotiate a settlement with his right hand while he stokes the terror with his left. This was an equivocal position, where a sensitive conscience was a heavy liability. For Lloyd George had ample physical power at his disposal to crush the I.R.A., and the agonising question to be solved was which was less risky—another bout of bomb-throwing or a quick negotiated settlement. Michael Collins, the professional gunman, opted for the latter and signed the treaty. Dev, the professional politician and the amateur gunman, denounced the treaty and declared terrorist war on Michael Collins. Yet even these wounds have been healed by time, and De Valera is now a member of the Establishment, who would hardly be refused entry to a single London club.

Mrs. Bromage is an American from Ann Arbor University, Michigan, who has written De Valera's life story once again. Hers is a very long book, distinguished neither by style nor by critical acumen. She adores Dev and makes no attempt to write objectively about either his British or his Irish opponents. Nevertheless, I read her book all through. For here is a story which can hardly be spoilt in the telling. Here, writ large, are all the moral problems and ethical dilemmas which confront the decent, conscientious terrorist and the decent, conscientious oppressor. I feel inclined to give two copies away—one to Archbishop Makarios in the Seychelles and the other to the Hardings in Government House, Nicosia. For, if precedent is to be followed, they will all be having dinner together within two or three years and comparing notes on their respective roles in the liberation of John Bull's other island.

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Jenny Lind. By JOAN BULMAN. *Barrie.* 25*s.*

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George Gershwin: A Journey to Greatness. By DAVID EWEN. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

The Fabulous Orson Welles. By PETER NOBLE. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Jenny Lind "would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow", said Phineas Barnum, but it was, as we know, a nightingale's instrument and its owner first claimed real attention as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*: enthusiastic Miss Bulman tells us that she "burst into the Stockholm firmament like a white nova." The year was 1838 and Fröken Lind was just 17 years old, having been admitted by Count Puke to the Stockholm opera school at the early age of nine ("She positively shot ahead ... there was no holding her"). Alas, some *prime donne* were given to employing gifts other than singing (look at Henriette Widerberg: look, if you dare, at Emilie Högqvist) but Jenny, frequently on her knees in her dressing-room, was puritanical; not so her parents who, though married, had, as they say, beaten the pistol by some fourteen years.

"Beauty in the accepted sense was not in her armoury", and though she was done pretty proud by the painters Sodermark and Magnus, there is a daguerreotype of her striking the "G" note that makes more thoughtful viewing. She had broad cheek-bones, a sallow skin, and a face that could look sulky in repose. But when she sang, all was changed: listeners' tears flowed ("one lady actually went into hysterics from sheer rapture,") crowned heads showered tributes of bracelets and pea-size pearls, that mysterious body "the students" were for ever unharnessing her carriage horses, on one occasion catapulting her manservant, Görgel, from the dicky. Her voice "had the quality of a clarinet, sweet, tearful and penetrating.... She could replenish her lungs so skilfully that not a sign could be seen or heard."

After a year of further singing lessons in Paris, which sadly unwholesome place was "the world of Emilie Högqvist run mad," she returned in triumph to Stockholm, where "her legato and staccato, her scales, her shake" entranced all: crazed students serenaded her, Queen Desideria

was gracious, laurel wreaths adorned the yellow ringlets, and there were Malla Silverstolpe's *soirées* at Uppsala where "they ate yoghurt informally out of their hostess's wash-basin." Then Denmark was conquered (more students) and Germany (the Mannheim students particularly excitable), though here one would perhaps hardly have cared to be a near neighbour.

> Frau Birch-Pfeiffer spoke of having left her once in the house, practising the German word '*zersplittre*' which occurs on a high B flat in the opening recitative of *Norma*. When she came back, a few hours later, Jenny was still practising '*zersplittre*' on high B flat, and she went on until she had got it perfect.

So perfect did she get it that London was overwhelmed. "What great things has the Almighty vouchsafed me!" she wrote, including, apparently, the ability to overlook her insufficiently rewarding contract with poor Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane, and the horrid letters he wrote her ("Mostly she left them unanswered, but they worried her dreadfully"). However, Queen Victoria threw flowers from her box ("How charming! How delightful!") and paid return visits ("Extraordinary and almost stunning,") and there was much else to cheer her: "the Sabbath-keeping and unquestioning church-going," and Mr. Lumley's contract ("I see clearly that it is Our Lord who brought it about"): Verdi conducted for her, she rode in Rotten Row with the Duke of Wellington, and there was a *fête champêtre* at Putney. After a tour of America, she returned to London for a season which brought her in £80,000. She was exceedingly generous with her money, and her vocal organs were obviously unusual, but a saccharine account of piety and continuous triumph can make the subject a tedious one. One longs, in one's sour way, for somebody just once to take those students out of the shafts and put the horses back in.

Mr. Magidoff's book, *Yehudi Menuhin*, is considerably less exuberant and cliché-strewn and makes fascinating reading. One remembers so well the cheerful photographs of the chubby prodigy who began playing the violin in public at the age of five, and nine years later was the highest-paid concert artist in the world. His parents decided to devote their lives to nurturing this genius and created the sort of background they considered suitable. It was on the chilly side.

> There was never any talk at home about the number of tickets sold, the acclaim of the crowds, or the praise of the critics. All reviews were withheld from him until his twentieth birthday, although passages containing constructive criticism were read aloud at the breakfast table.

But Yehudi was amenable to discipline, and was after not praise but perfection. He had the strongest views about his violin teachers and his own musical plans. For his first great concert in Carnegie Hall, he had set his heart on playing the Beethoven concerto. The conductor, Fritz Busch, would have none of it ("One does not allow Jackie Coogan to play Hamlet") and, an ex-prodigy himself, was prepared to shudder at the spectacle of a *Wunderkind* in velvet shorts. But when Yehudi gave him an audition, he was so overcome that, in his excitement, he threw his arms round the boy: "Yehudi impatiently disentangled himself from Busch and continued to play." A most absorbing book—warmly recommended.

Limited space forbids a full retailing of the many pleasures of *A Journey to Greatness* (George Gershwin) and *The Fabulous Orson Welles*. Both are sympathetically written and lavish in illustration and bring instantly back several peak moments in the entertainment world—the Astaires in *Lady Be Good*, Gertrude Lawrence in *Oh Kay* (they don't make them like that any more), and those enthralling, breath-taking shots in *Citizen Kane* and the plaintive cry from the unmusical Trilby-like opera singer whom Kane has unsuccessfully launched: "But it's me that has to do the singin', it's me that gets the raspberries."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

New Novels

Madame Solario. *Heinemann.* 16*s*.

The Brazen Head. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 18*s*.

King of Paris. By GUY ENDORE. *Cresset* and *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

There is a minute in Sir Winston Churchill's *Memoirs* where the great man, raging against a major re-shuffle of diplomatic appointments planned by the Foreign Office in the midst of a world war, declares himself opposed to the convention of Buggins's Turn. It is a convention that operates in literature as much as in Whitehall. How otherwise can we explain the principle on which *Madame Solario* was conceived? One can almost hear the anonymous author telling herself meditatively: "If Maurice and Monty and Dorothy Bussy have got away with it. . . ."

We are in Cadennabbia, a cosmopolitan resort on Lake Como, in the early years of the century. The ospreys are nodding, the oleander is in blossom, the peasants are warbling their *stornelli*: the air seethes with *Gemütlichkeit* ("Ah, Missy, what a cabotine you are!"). Colonel Ross is taking his constitutional, Countess Zapponyi is flirting with her Italians, Missy and her girl friends are making cotillon favours for the Ball, Count Kovanski and his Army chums are in the hotel *salon des jeux* playing bridge, balancing glasses of cognac on their heads ("*C'est insupportable!*") and telling dreadful defeatist stories of the Russo-Japanese war, in which they have lately taken such a licking.

Yet, buried beneath the languor, the gaiety, the heartaches, lies a tragedy. The furies of Aeschylus and Webster are at work in Cadennabbia. Adultery, incest, a stepfatherly rape, a near-duel, a suicide, a bedroom skirmish—the beautiful, inscrutable (and to this reviewer wellnigh incredible) Madame Solario brings all this in her train. The result is the ideal Book Society's Choice of the Month, a sub-Jamesian melodrama of a creaking slowness, whose moral falsity is only partially redeemed by its evocative and hot-house background. This is the perfect Christmas gift for the lively but bedridden aunt with a taste for the horrors and a sense of what it felt like to "go south in the winter" in 1910.

As an element of the Bacon-Bungay legend, Roger Bacon, the Franciscan scientist and philosopher, was for long a pillar of the old comedy. Though his works get an eight-and-a-half column mention in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, little is known of the man himself. As we might expect, Mr. Powys has hewn a vast legend of his own out of the friar—and attempted to describe the imaginary pagan world that went underground in the Middle Ages. His book is full of learning, casually introduced and communicated in the grand prodigal manner familiar to readers of his *Rabelais*. The book exists in a strange Celtic mist, a medieval dream-world from which shapes, figures and individual scenes emerge suddenly with a weird beauty and tenderness.

The old pantheist is unregenerate and unrepentant. If I believed in reincarnation I would say that Mr. Powys was, at another time, that melancholy traveller who heard the cry "Great Pan is Dead!" sounding on the shores of the Mediterranean. There is much daedal fury, much Swinburnian anger here:

> Have they not taken on themselves, these priests of pain, these ministers of blood, to invent signs and tokens and symbols and sacraments out of privation, out of suppression and frustration, out of denial and negation? Have they not thus defied the revelations made by thy blessed mystery, and turned to nothing the secret of thy holy rapture, of thy sacred madness, of thy entrances, they transporting ecstasy? Make them give us back the pulse of our life, great Goddess, give us back the beat of our heart, give us back the dance of our blood!

There is also the accustomed bite on life, just when the reader is least expecting it. "But I tell you this my lad," cries Albertus Magnus, "I can tell you this my friends—when a thinker gets

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an appointment, all his thinking's done." Albert's Aristotelian sermon—a kind of credo of Mr. Powys's own making—is for me the high point of this haunting and baffling book.

Mr. Endore's fictionalised biography of Dumas—father and son—has all the ingredients of a Christmas favourite, with a boast on every page, a laugh in every line and a wench in every bed. A magnificent farrago, made up of scraps of the Goncourts, Viel-Castel and a host of others. I enjoyed every bit of it.

JOHN RAYMOND

Arduous Enjoyments

Kangchenjunga: The Untrodden Peak. By CHARLES EVANS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Give Me the Hills. By MIRIAM UNDERHILL. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

In the last few years it has sometimes looked as if the expedition book were ousting the more traditional climbing narrative which, in the wake of Stephen or Mummery, distils the experience of a number of seasons on a variety of mountains. It was a pity: people usually write expedition books because they have contracted to and against time; and however much they may break new ground in their travels, in their writing they tend to follow the well-worn trail of generalised observation, laboured understatement and jolly good fellowship. Whereas those who write climbing books because they want to, have had years in which to mull over their experiences, to find out which of all the days behind them stand out now most sharply. It is a good season that brings us a book in each genre that is, of its kind, first class. Charles Evans might have written his record of the successful Kangchenjunga expedition for love; Miriam Underhill's narrative sparkles with the gaiety and spirit that took her, manless, up the Matterhorn and over the Grépon nearly thirty years ago.

Kangchenjunga had, over the years, resisted assault from three sides when the 1955 British party attacked it from the south-west: the side also chosen by the first expedition of all, led, improbably, by Aleister Crowley. (When four members of his party slipped on a snow slope and were killed, Crowley stayed snug in his tent, drinking tea and composing a letter to the newspapers in which he declared that "a mountain 'accident' of this sort is one of the things for which I have no sympathy whatever.") Discovering a route can be as absorbing, and almost as rewarding, as standing on a new peak; and as Dr. Evans pushed his intricate line slowly up the ice-falls, along glacier shelves and up a steep gangway to the West Ridge—from the photographs it looks incredible that any way could be found up that stupendous face—clearly he had something of the satisfactions of the scientist who sees his hypothesis verified, or of the artist when his creation takes shape.

He did not pick himself for the summit party; like Hunt on Everest, he made the establishment of the highest camp his personal responsibility and, like Hunt, came near his own physical limit in doing so.

> Upon the cutting of each step the mind had to be centred as upon the object of life: each in turn was the last thing I would ever have to do; then all ambition had to be transferred to the next, and to the next.

As a doctor, Charles Evans has a professional interest in the climber's body, and in the feelings—ambition, pride, obstinacy, self-preservation—that can supply the energy to drive it on when all it wants is to lie down and gasp. Exactly and sensitively he records the alternation of desire—from Base, to be up in the thin air on slopes of sixty degrees; from the high camps, to be down again on grass eating decent meals—and the changes in the climber's mind, whereby a point that, reached the first time, is the cold edge of outer space, is transformed by a couple of tents into part of the known familiar world.

Judgment, good organisation and technique, and a bit of luck with the weather, brought two parties of two, at a day's interval, to the highest camp—one tent on a ledge scooped out of a fifty-degree snow slope—and from there both reached the top. Joe Brown, the man of legendary rockmanship, found a crack to climb in sound red granite at the very top. Nothing so hard as this last stage had ever been done at anything like this height; nor could be dreamt of without oxygen. But neither the first nor the second party trod the last twenty feet of gently sloping snow: they had promised the Sikkimese to respect the sacred summit, and they were not tempted to break their word.

Back in the Twenties, stuffier Alpine circles were affronted when Miriam O'Brien, forceful daughter of a forceful Boston editor, led a man over the Grépon and, a year later, repeated the climb with no man in the party at all. There was a point to her feminism—men would not take you seriously until you showed you could do without them. So she made a number of first-class climbs with women friends (Jessie Whitehead, daughter of the philosopher, was one of those who helped her demonstrate the dispensability of man) till her manless career was cut short by marriage to Robert Underhill. Her reason for accepting him seems to have been that he trusted her intuition to get them off a glacier in mist: I have heard of worse. Certainly from the reader's point of view this marriage has worked well, for they turned their attention to the little-known ranges of Montana and Idaho, and these bush-whacking, packhorse-laden, grizzly-menaced expeditions, rewarded by odd days of good rock on unknown peaks, make an unusual contrast to the earlier chapters on the Alps. These describe mainly rock climbs of the highest standard, and it is from rock that Mrs. Underhill, like most women climbers, has won her greatest satisfaction:

> Under perfect conditions like these, rock-climbing is to my mind the finest sport there is. Not only does it require co-ordination of muscle but also the exercise of sufficient intellect to solve the tactical problems at a glance, to choose unerringly the right hold the first time, in order to move swiftly as well as accurately and lightly over ground where no two consecutive pitches require the same technique.

If, pressing themselves on to the body's limits, the Kangchenjunga climbers have much in common with the Olympic athlete, Mrs. Underhill's affinities are rather with the tennis-player or the ballet-dancer, and her book is shot through with the exhilaration of complex movement based on the highest degree of technical skill. Yet the final impression she makes on the reader is not so much "how good she is" as "what fun she had." Even the bizarre experience of falling down inside a waterfall could not disturb her New England poise or quench her appetite for new sensation.

> My thick shell of water gave me an impression of impenetrability, a sensation of complete security, complete protection. I was wrapped up in something so much stronger than I; nothing could get at me here!
>
> It was a man who fished her out.

JANET ADAM SMITH

An Art-Historical Expedition

Fuseli Studies. By FREDERICK ANTAL. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

Mechanical—as opposed to scientific—Marxist thinking is now under attack from all sides, but Frederick Antal was a scientific Marxist all his working life: a fact which had two results. He was on occasions attacked, or anyway belittled, as was also his friend and fellow-Hungarian Lukacs, by the mechanics; and he was respected internationally by other art historians even when they hated his philosophical system.

Scientific thinking alone, however, cannot make a great art historian; he must also love—and allow himself to accept the sensibilities and instincts which go with that passion—his subject. Antal did love his subject. He had a profound enthusiasm for and, even more important, a profound curiosity about painting. Very tall, wrapped in his long overcoat and scarves, he would visit the darkest corners of modern and old galleries to satisfy a curiosity aroused by some chance remark or paragraph. He had little use for generalisations, for he realised that the only true ones were usually also obvious. Indeed, his life was spent searching for and correlating facts to put flesh on the bones of one very obvious generalisation: namely, that there is a dialectical relationship between the economic position of a class and its art. Yet what damage, in other minds, this generalisation has done, because, for lack of facts, it has been assumed that the relationship was an absolutely rigid and direct one!

Antal's respect for the complexity of hard facts was reflected in his style—level, compact and flat. But it is not, and his mind was not, pedantic. Any valuable modern writer about art must have a vision of the future. If he has not, the comparative failure of art in our time will either force him to use art as a vessel for nostalgic voyages to the past, or else force him to concentrate obsessively only on fragmentary aspects of the subject and so become pedantic and academic. Antal did have such a vision. It was in his eyes; and it was in his colossal capacity for work. A Marxist can believe more confidently than other historians that his researches are for the benefit of the future; he is neither disinterring moral tales to be unheeded by politicians, nor is he merely adding to a vast emporium of unconnected groups of facts and opinions. His discoveries can be directly connected with action, because they exist within a framework of thought that millions agree about and act upon. Antal,

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although almost completely isolated in this country, knew this. It is, I think, Antal's sense of the future, his sense of the mounting crisis of history that makes the reading of his works, however difficult because so concentrated, so exciting. This and his extraordinary breadth of knowledge of German, French, English and Renaissance literature, art, philosophy, economics and public opinion, give one when reading him the sense of participating in a very well-equipped scientific expedition.

This is the first of Antal's posthumous works to be published. (The next will be his study of Hogarth.) It is a smaller scale work than his *Florentine Painting and its Social Background*, and it is less startling than his essays on Géricault and eighteenth-century Classicism and Romanticism, but it represents more than its title may suggest, and consists of seven essays which trace Fuseli's career as a fiery poet and rebellious thinker in the first wave of European romanticism (the German Storm and Stress movement, which was inspired by Rousseau and launched Goethe) then as a painter in Italy discovering Michelangelo and the Mannerists, and finally as a respectable highly-cultured eccentric in England.

Recently the macabre and erotic elements in Fuseli's work have made him fashionable. Antal explains why this should be so, but points out that Fuseli, although lively, was by no means a major artist. What makes him interesting is not the fact that he was intriguingly unbalanced, but that he reflected, often prophetically, all the pendulum swings of European art from 1770 onwards between Classicism and Romanticism—the last extreme swing being that of twentieth-century Expressionism. The real subject of this book is its analysis of what, given Fuseli's temperament, socially, politically, philosophically, conditioned and adapted his hopes, and of how these hopes—about the nature of life, genius, art—led him to choose from the art of the past and from his own imaginative vision the particular aspects that he did choose. Fuseli was a mercurial character in more than one sense; he acted like quicksilver to all the warm and cold currents that had carried, or later would carry in flood, the art of Hogarth, Reynolds, Blake, Goethe, Géricault, Delacroix, David, Beardsley, Munch and the Surrealists.

JOHN BERGER

Newtopia

British New Towns Policy. By LLOYD RODWIN. *Oxford : Harvard.* 60*s.*

Why have British sociologists been so slow to explore our post-war social legislation and the changes it has brought about? Is it shortage of money, of trained people, even of interest? Whatever the reasons, time and again one has had to turn to American sources for anything more ambitious than an interim article or pamphlet. This book is a case in point. It has faults, some of them important; but it is the most valuable contribution I have yet come across to a debate which is crucial to our future housing and planning policies. Professor Rodwin sets the New Towns experiment in its historical context—there is an admirable assessment of Ebenezer Howard's concept of the garden city—and he asks, in effect, whether the New Town policy has been the right one, whether it has been carried out to the best advantage, and whether, in concentrating on New Towns based essentially upon Howard's ideas, we have not too rigorously excluded other variants of urban planning.

Mr. Rodwin has done his best to be both fair and constructive. He is aware of the difficulties that the New Towns have faced, and of their achievements—and, with certain reservations, he has recorded both. Yet I feel that he is too distant from the people who have come to live in them, that in his concern for technical, administrative and planning problems he has overlooked some important features of our New

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Towns. He scarcely discusses, for instance, the question of housing design and quality, although the house is the matter of most immediate concern to the family moving out, say, to Stevenage or Crawley. (There is only a short discussion of design in Peterlee, which is rather a special case.) He disregards, too, the human side of community building—the growth of voluntary organisations, from churches to amateur dramatic clubs, trade unions and political parties. If he had done nothing else, he could have given a summary of the hundreds of new bodies of this kind which have been created by New Town residents in the last five years. Such organisations are the weft of the new social fabric. Nor does he raise the problem of the unbalanced age-structure. The bulk of the immigrants are couples between 25 and 40, with two or more young children. This creates immediate difficulties about school accommodation, and, as the "bulge" moves up the age-scale, it is going to raise serious questions about juvenile employment and, finally, about housing, as the children reach marrying age to find, possibly, that no homes are available for them. I would have been glad, moreover, if Mr. Rodwin had considered what form the eventual ownership of the towns should take and how the transfer might best be achieved—a problem that he barely notices, partly because his discussion of the development corporation is both sketchy and somewhat prejudiced.

Much of Mr. Rodwin's criticism, however, is justified. It is true that these towns are too uniform and cautious in design, that government economies and dear money have stunted them and diminished the amenities originally planned, so that they lack, in Mr. Rodwin's phrase, "warmth, sensual delight, surprise, stimulus, drama. . . . The towns, like a bad painting, are apprehended too quickly. . . . The density of ideas is rather low: the towns are boring." It is also true that they have run into unanticipated problems, and Mr. Rodwin's catalogue of these difficulties should be invaluable to future planners. But the most telling criticism of all is the complaint that there have been "no comprehensive long-term *national* physical development plans" of which New Towns are a considered part. Neither has there been any "long-term capital expenditure plan." Naturally, Mr. Rodwin wonders "whether the wrong number of New Towns may have been started in the wrong places at the wrong time." He believes that the approach has been too narrow, that "the balance sought has been largely between place of work and residence, between town and country," and that not enough emphasis has been placed on "the varying functions and sizes of cities; and the inter-relationships of existing and new cities; and on an evaluation of development prospects from a regional and national point of view." A similar charge is made against the Town Development Act, which provides for expanding existing towns. In neither case, Mr. Rodwin argues, has there been an effort to think comprehensively, or to ensure that the intended decentralisation shall, in fact, take place.

I believe that this criticism is broadly true, and that there is a basic defect here in our post-war planning—a defect due to inadequate planning powers, to the failure to create a genuine national plan, and to the political pressure to let local authorities get on with their housing schemes at almost any price and without co-ordination. There is, moreover, a further defect to which Mr. Rodwin properly draws our attention. In Britain, we are doing very little research into the physical and social problems that planning of this kind involves—Mr. Rodwin calls it "a dangerous gap"—and we lack the facilities to train planners and sociologists for this kind of work, even if we had the intention of using them after they were trained. This criticism cannot be dismissed as an expression of the American enthusiasm for research projects. It is true, as anyone who studies planning (or the lack of it) in Britain must concede. The origin of this valuable study is in itself supporting evidence for the complaint.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

N

Nonesuch has ready The Pencil Drawings of William Blake (a new series). It is edited by Sir Geoffrey Keynes, the greatest of Blake authorities, who has chosen the pictures and annotated them. They are reproduced in collotype and printed on mould-made paper. This edition (there can be no other) is limited to 1,440 copies at four guineas. In its design (by Sir Francis Meynell) and in its execution the book is true Nonesuch.

A specimen plate and prospectus are available from The Nonesuch Press, 10 Earlham Street, W.C.2.

B

Greece Interpreted

Portrait of Greece. By LORD KINROSS and DIMITRI. *Parrish.* 35*s.*

It is notoriously hard to capture a true portrait of Greece; its landscape simply refuses to sit to a painter, while the writer tends to become bewildered by the staggering variety of material which lies to hand in this small, emphatic archipelago, with its islands scattering the Aegean like stardust, each with an individual flavour, dialect, and sometimes even dress. Corfu, Crete and Santorin are as unlike each other as the Marx brothers, each with its idiosyncrasies, its style; the writer tends to become deafened by their conflicting voices. And then, the overlapping claims of history, legend, folk-lore . . . how is one to deal with it?

This book tackles the impossible task in the most spirited way, and I think it is the best brief introduction to Greece which has appeared for many years. It is something more than the record of a single journey, for its very construction shows a method and a shape born of long experience. Lord Kinross combines the alertness of the traveller with the knowledgeable eye of one to whom Greek life and landscape are both familiar; and this enables him to condense his material and to select his details most carefully, so that his portrait, while admitting the claims of many dissimilar themes and ideas, is not overwhelmed by any one of them. He starts sensibly enough in Crete and works northward, relating landscape everywhere to history so that the journey from the islands to Athos is, historically, a journey from Ancient Greece to Byzantium. The result is a sensible and extremely comprehensive study with the landscape foreground everywhere standing out before the tapestry of historical data. The clear, rapid prose wastes no time on the purple patch, nor does it need to strain for big effects with such an illustrator at hand, for Dimitri's colour illustrations are certainly the loveliest pictures of Greece to be taken since those of Herbert List before the war, and should certainly establish him as a show-worthy photographer. This is, I think, his third set of illustrations to travel-books (Robin Maugham's *Siwa* and Kinross's *The Orphaned Realm* were the others) and they could not be better. This is an ideal book for the visitor no less than the exile.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

Chère Maman

Marcel Proust: Letters to his Mother. Translated by GEORGE D. PAINTER, with an essay by PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Rider.* 21*s.*

September 23, 1904

Ma chère petite Maman, what were you thinking of, when you knew I was determined to come to Dieppe (and I'd be there already if I wasn't unwell, which I couldn't have foreseen), to choose a hotel where they can't warm the rooms (in which I shouldn't be able to go to bed without a fire) except with hot-air vents (which I couldn't bear for a single hour without having a choking-fit) . . .

Members of the prousthood will be disappointed by these letters, which catch but a tiny driblet of that vast oozing consciousness. Proust evidently saved his juiciest anecdotes and dazzling style for friends whom he needed to impress—perhaps he wrote best when feeling least secure. But his mother got a very dreary post. Here is his *petit bourgeois* strain: the endless quibbling over tips and laundry bills, his nervous social-climbing, and (literally *ad nauseam*), his ailments. Asthma is the centre and circumference of this correspondence; variations take the form of tisanes and bicarbonates, enemas, fumigations, trional, amyl. Yet these are the years of *Jean Santeuil*, the Ruskin translations, when there was still a two-way stretch between Proust and the outside world. Admittedly he would not write Maman much about Laure Hayman (Odette), or Montesquiou (Charles), or homosexuality, but it's surprising how little of his experience he offered to share with her. Probably mother and son were too close for an exciting dialogue. Hence the banality, the sense of self mumbling to self: ". . . how boring it must be to hear all this talk about my health . . . But I can't help explaining to you what I am doing, what I'm not doing, and why I'm not doing it. 'The consolation of martyrs is that God, for whom they suffer, sees their wounds'." There is lot of claptrap about sleep, but otherwise no themes for a great novel, and the *mille tendres baisers* at the end of each note surely compensate for the big kiss missed in the first chapter.

So we read these letters for their connotations, not their contents. It would help if some of Mme Proust's own pearly prose were included ("My little scrap of guinea-gold, my wolf"). This tender, dark-lidded Jewess—who "recoiled in horror at the idea of using spices," who, dying, said: "If you're not a Roman, at least deserve to be one"—was no boy-eater. We hardly blame her and the kindly Dr. Proust for Marcel's conviction that love depends on jealousy. True, she coddled her son; but the demands were on his side, not hers. And without the humdrum elements of their relationship, Proust might have flown away altogether. He must have known this. An early letter describes "the danger involved in an excess of intellectual culture in people who don't take up an intellectual career; the consequence being that they apply the subtlety of their intelligence to real life, for which it is quite unsuited, and find themselves talking . . . nonsense."

Alive, Madame Proust was her son's moral barometer: her approval was the measure of all

things. Dead, she was perhaps more stimulating than ever: now he must work, as she'd wished him to. Snugger in cork than in mother-love, he was free to probe past the range of her tolerance.

Still, the wheezy, dull letters come last on the list of vital bibliography. Mr. Painter's translation stiffens many elastic sentences, so that the variations in tone are levelled out.

NORA SAYRE

India at School

Education in New India. By HUMAYUN KABIR. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

India, Democracy and Education. By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY. *Orient Longmans.* 15*s.*

Today in India over 25 million schoolchildren between six and eleven no longer learn English compulsorily; and are taught in their mother-tongue or the recognised national language, Hindi. Many other radical changes have taken place in Indian education since 1947. For instance, the new Constitution has laid down that within ten years free and compulsory education must be provided for all children up to fourteen, the long and tiresome controversy relating to Basic education seems to have finally ended, literacy has gone up to 20 per cent. and the number of universities has risen from 21 in undivided India to 31 in present-day India. To meet a rapidly growing demand, institutes of higher technology and engineering have sprung up (Roorkee, Kharagpur and Bangalore are the chief centres) along with a chain of national research laboratories. These nine years of freedom have been years of endeavour, experiment and achievement; and perhaps no one could speak on this changing scene with greater authority and intimacy than Humayun Kabir who, as Educational Adviser to the Indian Government and Chairman of the Universities Grants Commission, has been responsible for framing and operating recent educational programmes under the Five-year plans.

Beginning with Macaulay's minute which ignored the claims of Oriental learning and emphasised the need for an English-trained and westernised bottom-layer in the Indian administration, modern education in India has gone through a variety of phases. The universities of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, founded in 1857, were modelled largely on London and Oxford. The Christian missionaries had a large share in the spread of early education in Bengal; other religious foundations were equally enterprising in the Panjab and Uttar Pradesh in the early years of this century. Nevertheless literacy stood appallingly low, facilities for technical education were grossly inadequate, and unfortunately a snob-value was attached among educated Indians to the power and facility with which they wielded the English language. So obviously Indian languages and literatures were hit hard; and the value of education came to be judged solely by the clumsy yardstick of its use in getting employment. On the other hand, acquaintance with European literature, history and tradition opened out romantic vistas of freedom and progress to the western-educated Indians. But the gap that yawned between the educated few and the illiterate millions, villagers and the city-folk, was socially and culturally most perilous. Politicians like Tilak, Malaviya and Gandhi were therefore bitter critics of this type of education, finding it artificial and unsatisfactory. On the administrative level the framing and operation of policies were, after 1921, left to the state governments; the Centre hardly exercised any authority.

The landscape changed in 1947; it was a challenge both to the educationist and the administrator, and clamour for radical reform was heard in the new Parliament and the press. Fresh difficulties arose with the large-scale exchange of population that followed the partition of the country, and the merging of the Native States with the Union. Nationalist opinion sought to oust English from its place of superiority, and it was clear that the country wanted a national education for national needs. Mr. Kabir takes stock of this situation admirably, and in concrete terms; he tries to assess the validity and force of these ideas and the new perils in reorganisation. The Central Ministry of Education could now play a more effective role: it had to co-ordinate the educational programmes especially for higher and scientific education; it had funds to offer for development plans. He examines the recommendations of the two education commissions set up by the Indian Government, one dealing with university education under the chairmanship of Professor Radhakrishnan, and the other with secondary education. The latter strongly urged the establishment of a number of multi-purpose schools offering diversified courses, in order to provide trained workers for agriculture and industry. One of the revolutionary measures recently adopted by the Advisory Board of Education decrees that secondary education shall end at 17-plus, abolishes the intermediate stage and provides for a first degree course of three years. Indian universities have suffered from many handicaps: shortage of funds and of staff, distorted values. An Indian university, Mr. Kabir thinks, should aim "to serve as a catalystic agent for the synthesis of cultures," and he elaborates—though with some reservations—the Gandhian concept of Basic education, evolved as a means of achieving "a co-operative commonwealth of man" by imparting education of the mind, body and soul through the medium of a handicraft. Mr. Kabir acknowledges the value of the English language as a vehicle of modern scientific thought, and he pleads that its study should continue at the higher stage in education. He writes not merely as an educationist and an administrator; he weighs and examines the total situation as a patriot who has a firm belief in the efficacy and continuity of democratic ideals in India.

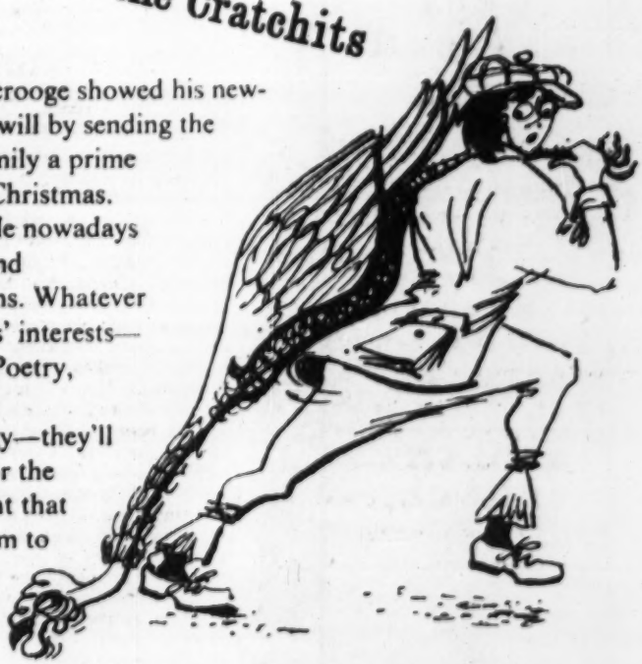
Mr. Hennessy's real theme is to chronicle the achievements of the Birla Education Trust, particularly of Birla College, Pilani (India), which he and his wife visited in 1951 as guests of the Chairman. *India, Democracy and Education* is a record of that experience and the focus is largely on Pilani, while other centres have been treated perfunctorily. An overpadding of the college trivia and local legends has distorted the proportions of Mr. Hennessy's narrative and detracted from the appeal of its title. No doubt, Pilani is a kind of educational oasis in the bare and sand-duned region of Shekhawati; it attracts visitors and students from the far ends of India. But Mr. Hennessy seems to argue that the educational experiment at Pilani is in some way unique: whereas the main features he describes are found in several other institutions in India. He contends that the democratic ideal is not suited to India and feels that the aims of education should be redefined; Mr. Kabir's book should convince the reader that Indians are reshaping their education precisely to meet their country's democratic ideals.

MOHAN KASHYAP

Christmas Round-up

Punch can be considered mainly responsible for three volumes of light pieces, most of which appeared in its columns: *Catacrok!*, Robert Graves's "mostly stories, mostly funny," a good many with a sharp Majorcan flavour (Cassell, 15s.); Claud Cockburn's *Nine Bald Men* (Hart-Davis, 18s.) and Olivia Manning's *My Husband Cartwright* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.). Fougasse's *Good-Tempered Pencil* (Reinhardt, 20s.) is a plentifully illustrated survey of modern humorous art in Great Britain and the States. Those preferring *New Yorker* authors might be directed to Thurber's *Further Fables for Our Time* (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.) and Ogden Nash's *Good Intentions* (Dent, 10s. 6d.). Miscellanies to suit the season are the sixteenth *Saturday Book*, edited by John Hadfield (Hut-

A turkey for the Cratchits



Ebenezer Scrooge showed his new-found goodwill by sending the Cratchit family a prime turkey for Christmas. Many people nowadays prefer to send Book Tokens. Whatever your friends' interests—Poultry or Poetry, Dickens or Demonology—they'll bless you for the kind thought that enabled them to choose for themselves.

Give **BOOK TOKENS** this Christmas

chinson, 30s.) and Cyril Ray's *Compleat Imbiber,* on all aspects of drinking (Putnam, 25s.).

The Country Life *Picture Book of London* (30s.) gives a handsome Establishment view of the city: important buildings, fine architecture, statues, traditional characters like bank messengers, and pavement artists. A livelier, matier London is pictured in O. J. Morris's *Grandfather's London* (Putnam, 21s.), a collection of photographs taken in the Eighties mostly in and around Greenwich—nigger minstrels, firemen, street hawkers, muffin-men and horses everywhere—and saved by luck from a dustbin. Specialised tastes may be met by A. C. Bouquet's *Church Brasses* (Batsford, 35s.), the second folio of Redouté's *Roses* (Ariel Press, 30s.) and Frederick Meinertzhagen's *Art of the Netsuke Carver* (Routledge, 45s.).

The highlights of reprinted "entertainment" include *The Nancy Mitford Omnibus* (Hamish Hamilton, 16s.), a three-decker edition of Miss Mitford's canon, containing *The Pursuit of Love, Love in a Cold Climate* and *The Blessing,* while those in pursuit of Bonapartist *panache* will be pleased to know that Brigadier Gerard rides again in *The Complete Napoleonic Stories* of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Murray, 18s.). Traditional fare includes Dickens's *Christmas Stories* in the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens edition, with an introduction by Margaret Lane (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) and, on a more sombre note, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* introduced by C. Day Lewis, with an essay by Edmund Wilson and "other informative appendices."

Reprints good for presents include: Rose Macaulay's lively record of a journey round the coast of Spain, *Fabled Shore* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.); the revised edition of Leslie Baily's *Gilbert and Sullivan Book* (Cassell, 50s.) with a new chapter in which Mr. Baily discusses the future of the operas, whose copyrights run out in 1961, and Turgenev's *First Love,* translated by Isaiah Berlin and with a foreword by Lord David Cecil (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.).

FOR XMAS

PAUL ROBESON SINGS

This new L.P. contains no less than 11 songs sung by the great American bass. They are:—*Four Rivers, Jarusalem, Hassidic Chant, The Minstrel Boy, The Song of the Warsaw Ghetto, The House I Live In, There's A Man Going Round Taking Names, Sleep Baby (Gretchaninov), Witness, Night (Alexandrov)* and *Passing By.* 25s. 9d.

Also available:—

Two Negro Spirituals sung by Paul Robeson. 5s. 10d.

HORIZON RECORDS

17 Sackville Street, W.1

A new slant on the Arab-Israeli Dispute

VIOLENT TRUCE

Commander E. H. Hutchinson, USNR

A highly controversial picture of the events leading up to the Israeli attack on Egypt by the United Nations appointed Chairman of the Mixed Armistice Commission. With forewords by other United Nations observers and an introduction by William Yates, M.P.

Illustrated. 16s.

FROM THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Ernest Newman

A selection from the *Sunday Times* articles of the doyen of music critics. 15s.

JOHN CALDER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,398

Set by Dionysius

At this time of year much juvenile literary talent is devoted to the writing of letters to Santa Claus. The usual prizes are offered for such a letter as it might have been written by a youthful Lady Docker, H. G. Wells, Lenin, Nancy Spain, Randolph Churchill, Lytton Strachey, or James Joyce. Entries by December 27.

Result of No. 1,395

Set by Naomi Lewis

"A married man in our office . . .," "My boy friend wants me to . . .," "I have a nice home and two lovely kiddies, yet . . ." A popular magazine proposes to call in experts at the highest level to answer its Human Problems. Competitors are asked to supply a problem, and the answer given by one of the following: Socrates, St. Paul, John Knox, Hobbes, Voltaire, Swift, Johnson or Chesterfield.

Report

"I suppose it's silly, but I am anxious to be a social success. How can I achieve it?" Well, that was clearly the question for Chesterfield. But others had particularly bad luck in their guest adviser. St. Paul was hardly the one to unruffle ladies with problems such as these: "I have always given my hubby lovely dinners, dished up daintily, but lately he has taken to having dinner in town and gets home late. Can there be something behind this? It is awful being so uncertain." "I have always tried to be a friend to my neighbour, inviting her to watch our 'telly.' Recently I found her flirting with my husband when she was supposed to be viewing. I would have turned her out of the house. Only I borrow her vacuum cleaner." To the first (E. Negus) he replied, "What? Have ye not houses to eat and drink in? . . . "; to the second (Frances Ragland), "Suffer long and be kind . . . "; to a third, "I say it is better to burn." For the most part, though, the sages had difficulty with their own style and theories. Hobbes, for instance, who might have been a useful man, quite failed to live up to himself. As for most of the others—Knox apart—they tended to lack the decisive touch, the brisk professional sting; their uncertainties must have maddened the askers. Prizes are well earned, though, by N. S. Smith (three guineas), and by Amy Hollins, D. A. J. S., The Chaplain of Queen's College, Taunton (name, please), and Seumas (one guinea each). Close runners-up are A. E. Boot, G. J. Blundell, Leslie Johnson, Ann Eastgate, Apple Tree, Frederick, P. W. R. Foot, K. Alexander, Harry Broadbent, P. M., V. Langton.

Question: When I was at the seaside last year my girl friend went to the pictures to see Gregory Peck with my boy friend, just as friends, but later they were unwise. Now a little friend has arrived, and the question is whether he shall be named after my boy friend or my girl friend's boy friend. We are all still friends. What do you advise?

Dr. Johnson replies: Let the child be named for Peck. Circumspection in nomenclature will dissemble the vicissitudes of passion, abate the counterclaims of sentiment, confound the inquisitions of prurience, avert the censure of prejudice, harbour the redress of reputation, indulge the diffidence of repentance, foster the emulation of rectitude, and obtund the pungency of remorse.

N. S. SMITH

Question: My husband prefers his allotment to me. Winter and summer alike he leaves me alone in the house, to go and watch his greens. Do you think this is an excuse?

Voltaire replies: Il me semble, chère madame, que vous devez être bien laide. Mais ne vous en désespérez pas. Vous pouvez toutefois devenir une excellente pâtissière, et ce sera donc facile de faire cuire un pâté exquis, y compris votre mari accommodé à la sauce piquante et surmonté de tous ces légumes délicieux qu'il a si bien cultivés dans son jardin . . .

AMY HOLLINS

Question: My boy-friend has given me up for a season of "spiritual meditation." Does he still love me?

St. Paul replies: Concerning spiritual meditation I have no guidance from the Lord. The Holy Spirit, however, revealeth that it befitteth that all men give up their women for long periods of such meditation. Knowledge puffeth up[1] and the less knowledge a lady hath of her man's intentions[2] the better for her soul. It pleased me to tell women, in a former letter, to be silent in churches; and it were better that this lady told nobody but the Lord about her affairs. Love, she must learn, meaneth not heart-beats but the pulse of the Spirit.[3] Perhaps her man hath now realised this.

[1] 1 Corinthians viii, 1. [2] 1 Corinthians. [3] 1 Corinthians 13, 1ff.

CHAPLAIN

Question: I often see a certain youth in the gymnasium and I am quite ravished by his fair face and graceful movements. In what way, O Socrates, can I best make myself known to him?—Paedophilus.

Socrates replies: You should draw him into converse with some such words as these: "I see that you are one who delights to cultivate his body and I marvel at your prowess. But tell me: To what end do you strive after physical excellence?" I have myself often spoken thus and to good effect. But if you are a true lover of beauty, Paedophilus, you ought to fix your desires not on the loveliness of this body or that but rather on the idea of beauty, I mean the Beautiful itself.

D. A. J. S.

Question: I am a widow with a thriving hardware business. A gentleman of independent means is courting me and wants us to marry, but says I should first sign over the business to him. As he is young and inexperienced, would it be fair to burden him with it?

John Knox replies: You must complye and wouchsaif obediance. It wald be ane deuiatioun fra the propir ordour of Nature for ane wuman to rule ouir hir affeiris eftir Matrimonie, and like vnto slaverie for the man. Of late yeiris wemin haif socht to weare the breekis in mony spheuress of life to the confusioun of thame wha wald walk in Richteousnes. Dowbt not bott God sall recompanss sic malicious craft in thair awin bosome.

(The inconsistent orthography of *The History of the Reformation* is followed. Knox's bigotry made a simpleton of him on several occasions.)

SEUMAS

City Lights

The Emperor's Clothes

With the Financial Secretary to the Treasury uncertain whether the results of the oil shortage are inflationary or deflationary, what are investors to think? The one certain thing about the immediate prospect is that it looks better than it did two or three weeks ago, and the recovery in Stock Exchange prices has gathered pace. What began as a queer hodge-podge of movements—bears covering themselves in industrials, some investors nibbling at gilt-edged while others made devaluation purchases of Kaffirs and dollar stocks—has developed into a strong rally, supported by cheap investment buying from the big institutions. Sterling moved up sharply on the news of the arrangements made with the International Monetary Fund, gilt-edged stocks followed, Kaffirs and the premium on dollar stocks slipped back. The immediate danger of devaluation seems to have passed, the likelihood of a prolonged recession in industry has diminished. Investors, not more optimistic but less pessimistic, are pushing share prices up from the very low levels to which they

had fallen. The advance is not likely to go very far, unless the rise in other prices looks like getting out of hand.

The readjustment of share prices was inevitable and has been largely automatic. The fact that they are back to where they stood before the start of the Egyptian adventure will not wipe out the past six weeks. The temper of the City is far from buoyant: there is a vague but widespread feeling that something fundamental has shifted, that some important turning-point has been reached or passed. It comes out most obviously in discussions about sterling, a subject which more than any other divides City feelings from the rest. Mr. Butler's notion of increasing the international use of sterling and leading the move towards convertibility was meant to help recapture its old hegemony for the City of London; rationalised as it may have been by unsupported references to a large increase in invisible earnings, it was really part and parcel of the Conservative appeal to national nostalgia, of a yearning to put the "great" back in Great Britain. But nostalgia is not a pain which can be solaced. Old hands realised that time had moved on, young hands were sceptical: the City was never so enthusiastic about recapturing its past as were the politicians.

Mr. Butler's resignation and the forced interruption of a belated investment boom rocked confidence badly enough, suggesting that the post-war history of recurrent crisis was independent of political theories and reflected some deep-seated ailment in the economy. The failure of intervention in Egypt has completed the disillusionment. There is a pervasive feeling that something has broken. For politicians, it is the Prime Minister. For Mr. Muggeridge, it is the power of the upper classes. For the City, it is the pretence that financial jugglery can obscure economic facts, that Britain can afford to dress herself in imaginary glad-rags.

The reaction, like all reactions, is in danger of going too far. There is good in the voices urging that we should immediately slash defence expenditure, abandon the sterling area, and transform ourselves overnight into a prosperous little Scandinavia, but only the iconoclastic good of disillusion. So far as sterling goes, the fact that the economic case against devaluation at present is extremely strong has had very little influence; until this week, the general feeling was fatalistically pessimistic, and there has been a good deal of pulling the house down from inside. It is fortunate that so large an I.M.F. loan was obtained so quickly—and even this has only pushed pessimism a little further ahead into the future.

City reactions to the actual steps taken to protect sterling have been mild, almost disinterested. Recourse to the I.M.F. was generally expected, and it was a relief to learn that Mr. Humphrey had managed to swing the rules so far in our favour: it looks foolish to go begging and come back with coppers. On the same face-saving reckoning, the decision to ask for a waiver on the interest element in the U.S. debt repayment has been almost universally condemned. It seems humiliating that Britain should be seeking to escape from her obligations to the U.S. when relations have recently been so strained and should risk unnecessarily the raking-up in Congress of old and new quarrels for the sake of $100m. The third expedient, about which news is expected shortly, borrowing $500m or so from the Exim Bank (on the security of the Exchange Control's dollar stocks) to meet the cost of dollar oil purchases, is likely to be shrugged off—it is regrettable; it is probably necessary; will it and other loans ever be repaid?

The City will find its way back out of the dumps into a sense of reality, but it will take time. Meanwhile the plateau game goes on—the price of bread goes up, and so does the Allied Bakeries dividend; Shell announces higher profits, declares its intention of handing on the cost of Suez to its customers, and puts up oil prices again within the week; steel company profits go up, and a price increase is expected before the year end.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 370. Blessed Triple Pawn

As a rule we would try to avoid the prospect of an isolated double-pawn, and we would certainly abhor the very sight of a triple-pawn sticking out like so much dead wood rather than an interdependent and self-protecting chain of lively pawns. Yet, here (Trifunovic-Petrosjan, Belgrade 1956) is a most interesting endgame in which, for very sound reasons, Black *will* saddle himself with an isolated triple-P. After (48) K-K2, K-Kt4. (49) R-KKt1, K-B3 (P x P?) (50) R-KR1, P-K5! (51) P x P Petrosjan played . . . P x KtP!!; . . . P x KP, (52) B x P?, R-Q7 ch seemed obvious enough but could be easily thwarted by (52) R-Q1! followed by B-B7. Moreover, Black's main strategic objective is to keep the White B locked off the K-wing, and as for the triple-P, it will soon prove safe and efficacious enough.

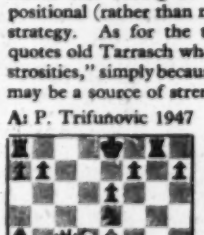
(52) R-KKt1	K-Kt4	(67) B-Kt4	R-R8
(53) P-Kt3	K-KR1	(68) R-Q2	R-QKt8
(54) B-B6	R-R5	(69) R-Q3	R-Kt7
(55) B-Q7	B-K4	(70) B-B8	K-Kt4
(56) B-B8	B-Q5	(71) B-Q7	K-R5
(57) R-Kt2	K-B5	(72) B-K6	P-KKt4
(58) B-Q7	B-K4	(73) B-Q7	B-Q5
(59) R-Kt1	K-Kt4	(74) P-K5 (forced)	P-Kt5 ch
(60) R-Kt2	P-Kt6!	(75) K-K4	R-K7 ch
(61) P x P	R-R8!(RxP?)	(76) K-Q5	B x P
(62) R-B2 (forced)	B x P	(77) B x P	K x B
(63) R-B1	R-R7 ch	(78) K-B6	P-KKt4
(64) K-B3	B-K4	(79) K x P	K-B4
(65) R-B2	R-R5	(80) K x RP	P-Kt5
(66) R-Kt2 ch	K-B3	(81) K-Kt5	P-Kt6

White resigned, but the question remains how Black could have proceeded if, in the diagrammed position, White had played P-Kt3 at once. I have no space to quote more than a fraction of Max Euwe's admirably thorough analysis in *Schach-Echo*.

(48) P-Kt3, R-K1. (49) B-B6, R-QKt1. (50) K-K2, R-Q1. (51) B-Q5, P-K5! (52) P x P, P x KtP!. (53) R-KKt1, R-KR1! (K-Kt4?) (54) R x P, P-Kt4. (55) R-Kt1 (best), R-R6. (56) P-K5 ch! (R-QKt1?), K x P. (57) B-B3, K-Q5. (58) R-KR1, R-R7!! (59) B-Q5, K-B6. (60) K-B1, K x P! (61) K-Kt2, R-R3. (62) R x B, K x RP and wins.

Black's queer B-move (tantamount to sacrificing it), is the only way to force the decision, and indeed what makes this ending so interesting is the thoroughly positional (rather than material) concept of Petrosjan's strategy. As for the triple-P involved, Euwe aptly quotes old Tarrasch who used to say that such "monstrosities," simply because they control so many squares, may be a source of strength rather than weakness.

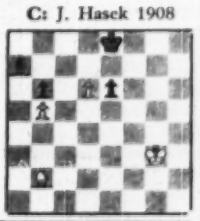
A: P. Trifunovic 1947



In due homage to the gallant loser of that memorable ending, **A**, an easy 4 points for beginners, is a position in which White had just blundered by Q-QB1. How did Trifunovic punish him? **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, are both quite instructive and hardly too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries (punctually!) by December 24.

B: A. A. Troitzky

C: J. Hasek 1908



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 367. Set November 24

A: (1) Kt x P, P x Kt; (2) Q-Kt7 ch!, etc.

B: (1) Kt-Q8 ch, K x B; (2) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Q4; (3) Q x KP ch!, K x Q; (4) P-B4 ch, K-Q4; (5) Kt-B3 ch, K-B5; (6) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt5; (7) P-R3 ch, K x Kt; (8) P-Kt4 ch, B x P; (9) P x B ch, K x P, stalemate.

C: (1) P-R5, B-B3; (2) Kt x P, K x Kt; (3) K-Q3, B-R5; (4) P-Kt3 ch, B x P; (5) K-K2, etc.

Many competitors failed to see every subtlety of C. Even so a good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by I. Avinery, W. H. L. Brooking, Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LTD.

LARGER PROFIT AND DIVIDEND

The forty-eighth annual general meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., was held on Dec. 10 in London.

Sir Eric Miller, the chairman, presided and in the course of his speech said: "It is gratifying that the good start which I was able to report to you 12 months ago was sustained to the end of the period, the gross profit for the year to June 30, 1956, before depreciation, taxation, etc., amounted to £1,884,000, an increase of £240,000 on the previous year.

Nearly all the increase in the gross profit is absorbed by taxation, which at £916,000, takes £236,000 more than in the previous year, so that, after deducting this and all charges, the net profit is only £18,000 up at £601,000. The final dividend of 10 per cent., will make 15 per cent. for the year on £1,500,000 Deferred Ordinary Stock, against the previous year's total of 20 per cent. on the then issued Stock of £1,000,000, equivalent to 13⅓ per cent. on the present Stock. Out of the balance remaining £450,000 has been allocated to General Reserve and the Carry Forward is increased by £17,000 to £456,000.

The total Group Reserves and Undistributed Profits are now just under the four million mark and Group Current Assets exceeded Current Liabilities by £5,821,000 at June 30, 1956.

TEA

Prices in world tea markets during 1956 have not registered such wide fluctuations as they did in the previous two years, but a notable feature has been the very high level to which competitive demand raised prices for the limited quantities of fine tea available.

The improvement in prices in all markets during the past two or three months, largely influenced by the situation in the Middle East and the interruption in the rhythm of supplies to this country, has brought about a welcome change in the fortunes of producers of plain tea in India, who had been having a very thin time this season.

The price concertina has closed and there is now a much smaller margin between the prices realised by this class of tea and the better liquoring Assams. There are now keen buyers of the lower qualities, which have risen by no less than 1s. 7d. per lb. within the last month.

Such violent price movements are most disconcerting to all concerned in production and distribution. There is plenty of tea to come forward and an easier price situation may be expected to develop in the New Year when the shipments diverted via the Cape of Good Hope will be arriving in this country. World production may be only 10 million lb. less than in 1955. Even so, it is running ahead of normal absorption. The future for producers of plain teas is dependent on the wholesome habit of tea-drinking being more encouraged.

RUBBER

A year ago the price of No. 1 RSS was at the inflated level of 40d. per lb. I did not, however, foresee that by the end of May the price would be down to 22d. per lb. This is a reminder of how rapidly and how far the pendulum can swing. More recent events leading up to the blocking of the Canal have brought the spot price for No. 1 RSS up to around 32½d. in London.

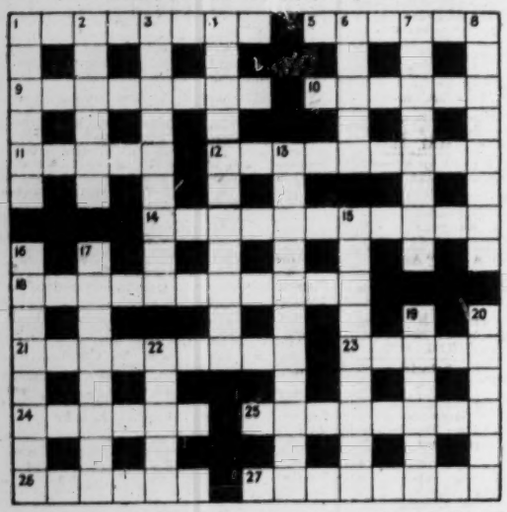
World consumption of Natural and Synthetic Rubber during 1956 is running at a rate of around 3,000,000 tons per annum. In the U.S.A. the proportion of Natural used seems to be stabilising around 38 to 39 per cent. So long as Natural is available in ample quantities European manufacturers outside the Iron Curtain are using Synthetic on only a moderate scale.

All the indications are that there will be a fairly close balance between production and consumption of Natural Rubber in 1956. As any substantial increase in the production of Natural can at best be gradual and as the world must not find itself short of rubber, some increase in synthetic producing capacity is a wise precaution. These violent fluctuations are most disconcerting to the Industry. Expansion in the use of motor transport in practically every country in the world is a certainty.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Week-end Crossword No. 229

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 229, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 24.



ACROSS

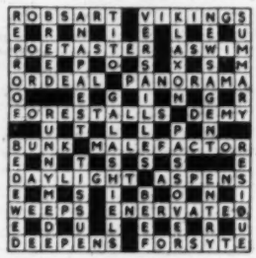
1. Those who try to seduce a politician in queer street (8).
5. Father has his daughter's backing throughout (6).
9. Town in which everyone has a reverse with a young lady (8).
10. Makes silent pictures (6).
11. Novelist has short English work returned (5).
12. Else this were naught confused (9).
14. Projects the printer sees full of misprints (11).
18. "Downy sleep, death's —" (*Macbeth*) (11).
21. A Spanish gentleman has to travel in France with nothing by taxi (9).
23. "The round — and the living air" (Wordsworth) (5).
24. Darkness before the vehicle (6).
25. Finding food for the elderly (8).
26. One who makes a tangle of the affair? (6).
27. Hire pony appearing as a Derby winner (8).

DOWN

1. One who counts or recounts (6).
2. An ear for a situation under me (6).
3. How to cure the mate wrecked in the river (9).
4. Triumvirate seeking a fourth term? (4, 2, 5).
6. Plant for a principal without capital (5).
7. Most absurd positions in the revised list (8).
8. The fool is in the river, but she can supply 3 (8).
13. Woman's favourite science is a branch of zoology (11).
15. The underlying principle is to keep the drink in short supply (9).
16. Perhaps mice care for this food (8).
17. The meekest are those who are happy beneath a doubtful expression (8).
19. Famous family doctors (6).
20. A drink for an operatic hero (6).
22. Vermin harboured by a jealous enemy (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 227



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 227

G. W. Thompson (Newcastle on Tyne, 12), D. Jasper (East Mersea), M. A. Anderson (Redhill).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. The University proposes to appoint a full-time secretary to the Delegacy of Lodgings, who will be responsible for providing information about lodgings and for ensuring, as far as possible, that the needs of the University for lodgings are met. The stipend will be £1,000 per annum. The person appointed will be required to become a member of the F.S.S.U., and an allowance of £50 per annum for each dependent child is payable. Applications (five copies) including a statement of age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Registrar, University Registry, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained, not later than January 15, 1957. The person appointed will be required to take up office as early as possible in the New Year.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably experienced men for appointment as Resident Superintendent at Stamford House, Goldhawk Road, W.12, which is to be reorganised as a combined Remand Home and Classifying Centre for 100 London boys. The classifying work will entail preparing a complete picture of social history, background, needs and potentialities of each boy committed to an approved school, recommending the school considered to be best suited to his needs, and providing those who will be responsible for his future care and training with a comprehensive report and recommendations for his treatment. The Superintendent will need to direct the staff of the centre as a team; to supervise the observation and testing of boys, the school work (probably with the assistance of a principal teacher), and the child care duties and day-to-day administrative work arising in an establishment for 100 boys. Salary £1,375×£25—£1,500 plus a responsibility allowance of £150 and less £175 for board, lodging and laundry. Further details and application forms available from Children's Officer (G.1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 12, 1957. (2294.)

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service require a Psychologist (Vocational Officer) for unestablished post at Industrial Rehabilitation Unit at Granton, Edinburgh. Age at least 21. Candidates must possess second class Hons. Degree in Psychology or equivalent qualification. Industrial experience desirable. The work involves aptitude testing and vocational guidance. Salary: (Men) £545 (at 21)—£875 (at 30, and on entry if over 30)—£1,160. (Women) £545 (at 21)—£853 (at 30, and on entry if over 30)—£1,071. Application forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1. Ref. G.42/6A. Closing date December 31, 1956.

ST. Gabriel's College, Cormont Road, London, S.E.5. Required in September, 1957, an additional Lecturer in Physical Education. Applicants should have had a recognised three-year training and good teaching experience with an interest in the modern approach to movement; they should be prepared to take responsibility for games, swimming, possibly some athletics, and to help with the general training of students in Physical Education. A Supplementary one-year Course will begin in September, 1957. Applications, with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal.

MEDICAL Sec./Receptionist for N. Kensington practice. 5½ day wk. Sal. £35 p.m. BAY. 3676. 9-12 for further details.

HOME in Hampstead for elderly Jewish refugees from the Continent is looking for residential household assistant. Box 9053.

COUNTY Council of Essex, Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £691 17s. 6d. a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than December 20, 1956. Canvassing forbidden.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited for appointment of a Housemother of a family group home for 10-12 children at Countesthorpe, 6 miles from Leicester. Resident Assistant and domestic help employed, relief provided. Accommodation, but no employment, available for husband. Applicants should be of good education, and the possession of the Home Office Certificate for Houseparents would be an added recommendation. The Housemother will be responsible to the Children's Officer for the efficient running of the Home. Pensionable post, subject to medical examination. Salary £370×£15—£430 per annum, less £113 per annum for board and lodging. Appl. forms from Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to be returned by December 28, 1956.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications invited for Assistant in Public Relations Department, Vacancy No. 19. Salary scale £595-£765. University degree, preferably in one of the Social Sciences, and experience of office administration will be advantages. Successful applicant will be required to handle routine administrative work of department and to do social development work in the neighbourhoods, involving attendance at evening meetings. Conditions of service similar to those in local government: Local Government Superannuation scheme. Applications, endorsed Vacancy No. 19, giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names of two referees should reach General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts by December 28.

REQUIRED for January, woman secretary to co-ordinate work of a team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving responsibility and applicants who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess experience in office routine, preferably a knowledge of languages, and possibly some journalistic experience. Apply in writing: Managing Director, Nuclear Engineering, Ltd., Greenwich Metal Works, S.E.7.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Dillington House College for Adult Education, Ilminster. Secretary (resident) to the Warden required. Salary scale £448-£580, subject to deduction of £96 per annum for board and lodging. Application form and particulars will be supplied by the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Warden (woman) in a Reception Centre which accommodates twelve children and provides specialist facilities for their physical and mental assessment. Applicants should hold a diploma in Social Science or possess equivalent qualifications. The salary for the post is £560, rising by annual increments of £15 to £650 per annum, less a charge of £170 per annum for board and lodging. The successful applicant will be required, for superannuation purposes, to pass a medical examination. Applications, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen on or before December 20, 1956. J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk. Town House, Aberdeen.

HANDCRAFT Instructress required for Home for Blind, Westgate. Salary £300-£400 p.a., non-resident, according to qualifications and experience. 5-day week. Experience with blind people not essential. Apply with full particulars, stating present salary, to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, W.1.

HOUSEFATHER required, adolescent Spastic Centre, attractive surroundings, good social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. Addiscombe 2310.

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required at short stay Home for thirty children near Romford, Essex, to deputise for Superintendent and Matron. Salary from £370 to £430 per annum, less £113 for full emoluments, plus £15 per annum, if certificated. Apply immediately Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

YOUTH leader, man, full-time, required with experience for mixed club in Wembley area. Non-resident post. Pension scheme. Apply stating experience and qualifications to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

HOUSEFATHERS-in-charge req'd. at cottage-type children's home in Essex. Joint appointments available for married couples. Training or experience essential. Salaries, Housefather: £479 8s. to £549 18s. Housemother: £451 4s. to £521 14s., each plus £17 12s. 6d. p.a. for Home Office Certificate and less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/2361), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

YOUNG Electronics Engineers (male) with good Honours Degree and at least three years' works practice wishing to effect change, are invited to communicate in absolute confidence with the Managing Director of Newport Clocks, Ltd., 102 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (HOLborn 6647.)

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires an Organiser for Repertory covering Southern half of England. Application forms and particulars from General Secretary, 8 Harley Street, London, W.1.

FINANCE Clerk (Adult Male) with knowledge of book-keeping required for large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 14s. 0d. per week, rising to £9 14s. 0d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 8983.

SMALL progressive day-school, ideal surroundings, seeks kindergarten mistress; Easter; s/c. flat available. Mrs. Densham, Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hants.

ECONOMIC research institute in Westminster requires two intelligent young women for the following vacancies: (1) Senior copy typist; (2) Copy typist/switchboard relief (previous switchboard experience not essential). Good salaries; hours 10-6, no Saturdays; 3 weeks' holiday p.a.; non-contributory pension scheme. Applics.: Box 9048.

EDITORIAL assistant for atomic energy journal. Journal exp. not necessary but degree or equivalent in engineering or physics is. Economics might do. State present salary. Box 8877.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St., W.C.1) requires good shorthand typist, unmarried, with experience of committee work and capable of drafting. Salary according to age & exp.; required the beginning of January. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist, senior, German & English, reqd. Responsible post. State exp., refs. & salary reqd. Box 9038.

SECRETARY/Sh.-Typist with gd. education & experience reqd. for international folk music council. Write or 'phone Karpeles, 12 Clorane Gardens, N.W.3. HAM. 9116.

SEC. Shorthand-typist wtd. by Registrar to small voluntary organization engaged in interesting social-medico work. B.C.R., Tavistock House (South), W.C.1. EUSton 4037.

YOUNG girl required for small editorial office. Typing and energy necessary. Box 9025.

VOLUNTARY organisation concerned with international affairs reqs. exper. Secretary/Shorthand-typist for varied duties in London office. Interesting work, good holidays, no Sats. Sal. £7 p.w. Box 9015.

GERMAN shorthand-typist with good knowledge of English reqd. beginning January by Engineering Co. nr. Victoria Stn. 5 day week. Gd. salary. Box 9002.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4. 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M/f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

TWO friends or couple for cook and housework, permanent or temporary. Best references. West Coast Scotland. Write: Mitchison, Carradale, Argyll.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

GOOD experienced matron, plenty of commonsense, for small boarding department London co-educational school, ages 6-16, wanted immed. Good salary. Box 9107.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORK in Switzerland! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent condtns. & high salary to serious workers. Call or write Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, London, W.1. GER. 9911.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXECUTIVE Civil Servant (m.), sing., 28 shs. work where wide but undeveloped New Statesmanlike ints. more progressively engaged. Any training, anywhere. Box 9064.

EX-Lecteur in French, British University, available from first of year for similar post. School/University, London/Home Counties or tutoring London. Box 9032.

MAN, 28, about take up resp. position at £1,250 p.a. on Jan. 1, would prefer accept alternative position at similar sal. where politics & interests (in line with N.S. & N.) congenial to colleagues. Fluent Port., Span., German, gd. French, presentable, efficient, wide exp. export, negotiated highest level, travelled, tech. background. Box 9084.

EXPD. secy. shs. morning work & cd. work at home afternoons. N.W. Box 9082.

EXPD. dict./secretary shs. interesting job. Own typewriter. Box 9085.

ARTIST, 22 (f.), with N.D.D. & Slade Diploma in Fine Art seeks full or pref. part-time work. Box 8927.

YOUNG man, 31, well educated (Paris Univ.), linguist, previous exp. export, present B.B.C., seeks position public relations or similar with international organisation; publicity, etc. Top refs. Box 8963.

WOMAN (30) finds dissatisfaction in being merely an efficient secretary and seeks more interesting employment where initiative and a lively mind are essential. Box 8962.

RETIRED Colonial Administrator, moderate Socialist opinions, shs. empl. to help out pension. Pt.-time acceptable. Intg. work more important than size of salary. Box 8922.

VITAL young man, Public School education, seeks position in theatrical concern. Anything considered. Box 9083.

FELLOWSHIPS

NUFFIELD College, Oxford. Research Fellowship in Trade Union History. Applications are invited from men or women for a Research Fellowship in the field of Twentieth Century British Trade Union History. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance, renewable. Further particulars may be obtained from the Warden. Applications should reach him not later than January 31, 1957.

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A., may be up to £2,000 (subject to income tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO/WA.14), The County Hall, S.E.1, (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for return by February 28, 1957. (2270)

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range £800-£1,350 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,400-£1,750 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by January 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

PERSONAL

FREE accom. offd. Hampstead flat to girl (? student) return collection from school at 4 p.m. of boy (4 years) & care of him until 5.30-6 p.m. Also some Sat. morns. & baby-sitting. HAM. 5261 aft. 6 p.m.

TAVISTOCK Repertory Company (non-professional) has a few vacancies for experienced acting and/or non-acting (particularly stage-crew) members. Entry by audition and/or interview. 14 public productions yearly; own theatre, rehearsal rooms, workshops, canteen. Write Secretary, Tower Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1.

AMERICAN export company seeks energetic business woman, publicity background, for active directorship in London. Able invest or introduce investment. Salary and profits share. Write Managing Director. Box 9018.

FRENCH student seeks exchange of family facilities with English student (Lond. area), 2 wk. Xmas. Drovin, 22 Rue Leconte de Lisle, Paris, 16e.

VICKY Xmas Cards, 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

ART of living: Dec. 31-Jan. 11. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

YOUNG prof. person wishes join others in Film wk. Limited expnce. Box 9024.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from December 20 to January 15. Fedsden School, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. (Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.)

LARGE hall & rooms to let daytime only. Canteen avail. 15 mins. bus Charing X. Griffiths, Friendship Hse., 300 Wandsworth Rd., S. Lambeth, S.W.8. MAC. 4897.

CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays. We can still accept a few additional bookings on our Winter Sports parties to Austria (departures: Dec. 22, 27 or Jan. 1, 6, 15 or 20) or on our Paris Christmas arrangements. The last few remaining vacancies on our English house parties are reserved for men. Immediate applications, please! Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

THE Society for Psychical Research invites co-operation in a large-scale survey of recent psychic experiences—apparitions, telepathy, prophetic dreams, etc. For particulars and report forms apply to Secretary, 31 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

THE Children's Market, 29 Holland St, Kensington Church St., W.8. Good clothes for children are out-grown long before they are out-worn. Come to our gay little shop where you can buy and sell children's clothes of every description for boys & girls up to 14 yrs. old. WES. 2676. We collect within 5-mile radius.

DOES your child (or do you?) have difficulty reading? Remedial Reading Specialist available for tutoring. Box 9031.

WINTER sunshine in Spain. Lovely villa 15s. inc. daily. Details KEN. 4931.

JUST arrived from the Continent, for callers at the New Vince Man's Shop, Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent Street, W.1. GER. 3730, London's most interesting display of gifts for men. Autumn catalogue sent on request.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas cards. Exclusive designs by Pietro Annigoni, Denis Mathews, Henry Moore, John Piper, Ceri Richards, etc., in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research. Send s.a.e. for illustrated leaflet to Christmas Card Dept., N.F.P.R., 15 Manson Place, S.W.7.

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CHRISTMAS is all the more cheerful for a few bottles of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. A Christmassy Sherry—fine, light Amontillado. Your wine-merchant stocks it. Don't wait till the last minute, though. There's a big demand.

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FF: "Friends of the Future" is a small movement which could grow big. See under "Books & Publications."

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths, Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information: Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

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HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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PERSONAL—continued

"BUT Lord! how I did please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40s. hear her sing a tune; worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it does a little reconcile me to her." (Pepys 1668). If you are a beast as to singing—you should play the recorder, especially the varied catalogue of the "Flauto Dolce" Recorder Series edited by Carl Dolmetsch, Universal Edition, 24 Great Pulteney Street, London, W.1. GER. 5203.

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CORNWALL for Christmas: The Grey House, Polruan-by-Fowey, offers warmth and comfort in unspoilt surroundings; Continental cuisine; Club lic. Tel. Polruan 385.

WOULD you be warm this winter? Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. A Quaker Guest House which is a real resting place. Write for Brochure.

EDINBURGH: County Hotel, Abercromby Place, City. Inexpensive luxury. A.A., R.A.C. 'Phone WAV. 2333/4.

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BEGONE dull care—have a late autumn holiday at the Anchor Head Hotel, Weston super Mare. T.V. & sun lounges, recreation room and club bar. Special tariff from 7gns. Illustrated brochure free from Manageress, Anchor Head Hotel, Claremont Crescent. Tel. W.S. Mare 280.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

WORLD University Service. The W.U.S. Christmas card costs 5d. (5s. a dozen). Obtainable from 59 Gloucester Place, W.1. Proceeds from sales will be used for the work of aiding students in need.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

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YOUNG designer wants flat pref. unfur., reas. rent; wd. decorate. Box 9023.

RESEARCH stud. m. shs. v. quiet top fl. b/s.; use kit. N./N.W. Box 9073.

NEEDED, end of Jan., by quiet woman on book-publishing sal., small semi-furn. flat, W.C.1, N.W.1, or east W.1. Box 8961.

YOUNG Dominion gentleman would like room, board with Jewish family. Reasonable. Pref. N. London. Box 9034.

WITHIN the next three months, young graduate man and wife seek unfurnished London accommodation. Box 8865.

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CONFIRMED bachelor, bank clerk, reqs. furn. accom. Ring L. A. B., GER. 9050.

PROFESSIONAL couple, no children, seek unfurn. or part-furn. s/c. flat, 2-4 rooms, kit. & bthrm., within 20 min. central London, near tube. Box 8989.

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UNIV. lecturer seeks self-contd. flat or studio, unf. or semi-f., S.W. or W. Lond. 1-3 rms. Long let pref. Box 9103.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

£2,200 modernised barn-studio for sale. Immediate possession. 4 rooms & space for a car. 40 miles from London. Box 9003.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER, Canonbury. Book now for next production, Toad of Toad Hall (with music & dancing), January, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, Wed. 16, Thu. 17, Fri. 18, Sat. 19 at 7.30 Matinees at 3 on Sat. 12, Sat. 19. Canonbury Place, N.1. 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475. 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111. Tavistock Repertory Company has vacancies for new acting/non-acting members—see Personal column.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last wk. 7.30 ex. M. Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Prima Donna" & "The New Tenant." Mems. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45 Mem.

UNITY, Sats., Audience Discussion. This week, Sydney Silverman, M.P.

PARK Lane Th. GRO. 7711. Arthur Miller's All My Sons. 7.30 Dec. 20-23. Mem.

JANACEK'S "Jenufa" intro. by members Covent Garden Opera Company, Sun., Jan. 6, 1957 (new date), at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics. from Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 16: The Marx Bros. in "A Night in Casablanca" (U). From Dec. 17: Rare Ealing Comedy "The Titfield Thunderbolt" (U), "On Such a Night" (Glyndebourne) (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Dec. 16, 7 dys. Susan Slept Here A, Women Without Hope X.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 15. "The New Explorers," a programme of French short films including "Mon Chien." Dir.: Georges Franju. 3, 6.15, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sundsy, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance. Sat. Dec. 15, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 5s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Dec. 15, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson & his Noveltones. Members 3s., Guests 5s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Mon., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.-2 a.m. New Year's Eve Dance. Norman Jackson & his Noveltones. Members 15s., double tickets for members 25s. Guests £1.

GRAND Christmas Bazaar, Seymour Hall, Sat. December 15. St. Marylebone C.L.P. and Movement for Colonial Freedom. Bazaar opened at 2.30 p.m. by Gilbert Harding. Many attractions. Gold Coast Musical Society will entertain during the afternoon.

BEN Uri Arts Ball. Chenil Galleries, Kings Road, S.W.3 (adjoining Chelsea Town Hall). Saturday, Dec. 15, 7.30 p.m. Fancy dress optional. Tickets 15s. (WEL. 3001.)

CONCERTS

NEW Music—Mon., Dec. 17, at 7.30, in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. April Cantelo, Joy Boughton, Anne Macnaghten, Pauline Jackson and Arnold Ashby. Songs by Hugo Cole and Holst. Quartet by Salzedo. Other new works.

CAROLS & Christmas Organ Music. Royal Festival Hall, Wed., Dec. 19, at 5.45. Hampstead Parish Church Choir (Conductor: Martindale Sidwell) with Ralph Downes (organ) and Gwendolen Mason (harp). Tickets: 3s. 6d. WATerloo 3191.

XMAS Music, Central Hall, Westminster, Dec. 20, 7.30. Bach, Byrd, Liszt, Pearson, Weelkes, Carols. Gordon Watson, piano. London Bach Group, John Minchinton. Tkts. 7s. 6d.-2s. 6d. Hall and Chappells.

HOMAGE to Casals (on the eve of his 80th Birthday). Friends House, Dec. 28, 8 p.m. Dennis Brain, Ensemble of Distinguished Cellists. London Bach Group, Collegium Musicum Londinii, John Minchinton. Tkts. 10s.-3s. 6d. Chappells & Agts.

HANS Block. Pianoforte Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Dec. 22, at 7.30. Sonata, Op. 143 (Schubert), Four Short Pieces & Toccatina: Two Sea Pictures (1st public perf.) (Hans Block), Sonata Op. 111 (Beethoven), works by Chopin and Mozart. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., Hall (Wel. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (Wel. 8418).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, presents for everyone but best for yourself. On show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picture Fair. Draw December 20. Tickets 15gns. Your draw may be worth £200. Adm. free.

HENRI Gaudier-Brzeska. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6; Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.). Admission 1s. (admits to Bevan also).

ROBERT Bevan. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.) Adm. 1s. (admits to Gaudier-Brzeska also).

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Stephen Tennant, Designs. Dly. 11-6.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. The 1956 Exhibition of Original French & English Lithographs. Picasso; Braque; Sutherland, etc. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Picasso Etchings. Maillol Lithographs. Until Dec. 29.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., S.W.1. Artists of Today. Pictures donated by well-known artists to be sold for the Multiple Sclerosis Society. Nov. 27-Dec. 22. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—Courbet, Fantin, Pissarro, Sisley, Utrillo, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Henry Lamb, R.A., John Craxton & Michael Ffolkes. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Till Dec. 20.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibn. Little Pictures by English & French Artists.

ARCHITECTURAL Treasures of Czechoslovakia. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Until December 28 (Closed 25 & 26). Mon.-Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5. Adm. free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Electricity in the Service of Medicine; Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health; and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

MODERN Italian Art from the Estorick Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Closes Dec. 19. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., 10-8. Sunday, 2-6. Admission 1s.

HANOVER Gallery. 32a St. George Street, W.1. 20th Century Drawings, also Paintings on Silk by Bettina. Until Jan. 11. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MEMORIAL Meeting for Dr. Leo Baeck, Sunday, Dec. 16, 11.15 a.m., Wigmore Hall, W.1. Speakers: Dr. H. Liebeschuetz, Mr. L. G. Montefiore, Dr. Eva Reichmann. Trio: Lidka, Reizenstein, Bunting. Assocn. of Jewish Refugees. Adm. without ticket.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. Dec. 19, 7.30: "Atoms or Oil," Ritchie Calder. 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, 8 p.m. Fri., Dec. 14: G. Adamovitch: "The Spirit & Destiny of Russian Literature" (in Russian with translation). 8 p.m. Tues., Dec. 18: a recital by Trboevitch (piano). Toys & books still available. Club closed for Christmas, re-opening Friday, January 11.

ISRAEL Cohen: "300 Years of Anglo-Zionism." Chair: Dr. I. S. Fox. Friends Hse. (gdn. entr.), Euston Rd., N.W.1. Mon., Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Arr. Zionist Federation.

SHAW Society: Donald Ford on "Some New Aspects of Social Problems." Also latest Pygmalion developments. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Dec. 14. 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Dec. 18, 8.15 p.m. Theatre: Symposium on Trends in Contemporary Theatre. Chairman, Richard Roud. Speakers: William Alfred, Christopher Logue, Donald Watson. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. Dec. 16. Dr. Helen Rosenau. "Form and Function in Art." Adm. free. Free copy of "Monthly Record" on request.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Dec. 16, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. G. R. Dalvi. "Democracy in India—Prospects & Problems."

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. Informal social evening, 7.30 punctually, Thurs., Dec. 20, Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Refreshments obtainable. Non-members 2s.

BUDDHA Study Assoc., public lecture "Zen," Rev. J. Austin. 4.30 p.m. Sun. Dec. 16. 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W.8.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists Exhibition, Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Lectures in conjunction with the University of London (Extra-Mural Dept.), at 8 p.m. Fee 2s. per lecture. Thurs. Dec. 20. "Art in Israel." Archibald Ziegler.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. Dec. 16, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, nr. Bond St. Stn. Discrse.: Arlo Tatum "Religious Agnosticism."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NEW Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, December 28-30. Ian Mikardo, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Sydney Jacobson, David Pickard. Details: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. WHI. 3077.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time course commencing October, 1957. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than March 1, 1957, (January 31, 1957 for overseas applicants). Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, W.C.2, where the course will be held.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree) & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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